

# THE CHRONICLE

BREEDING FARMING HUNTING A SPORTING JOURNAL SHOWING CHACING RACING

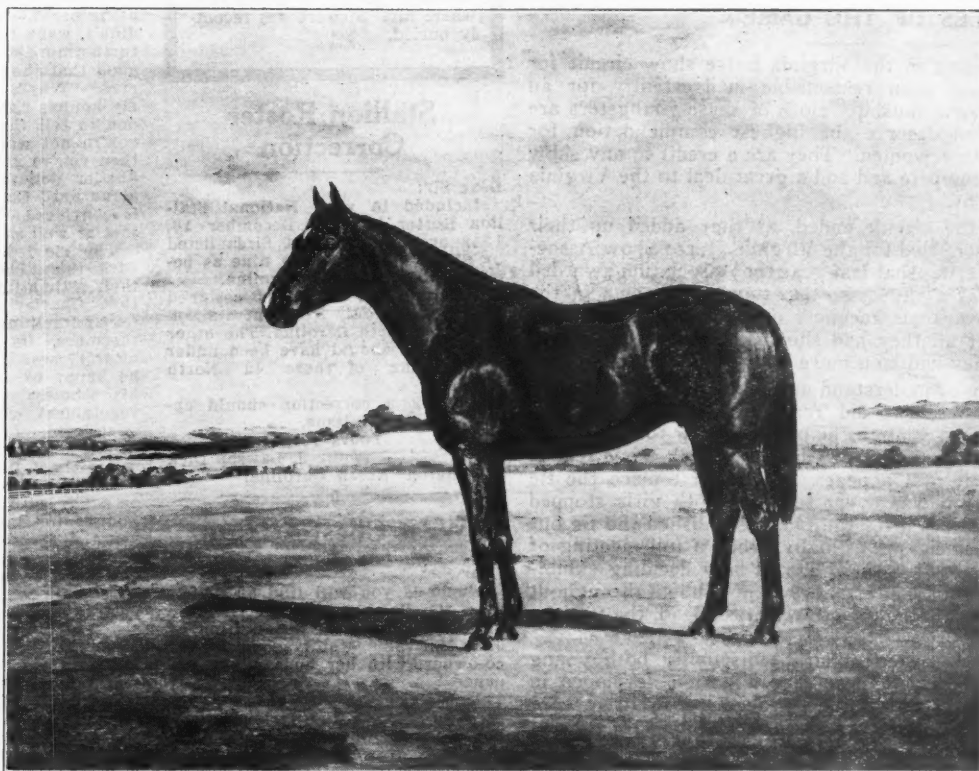
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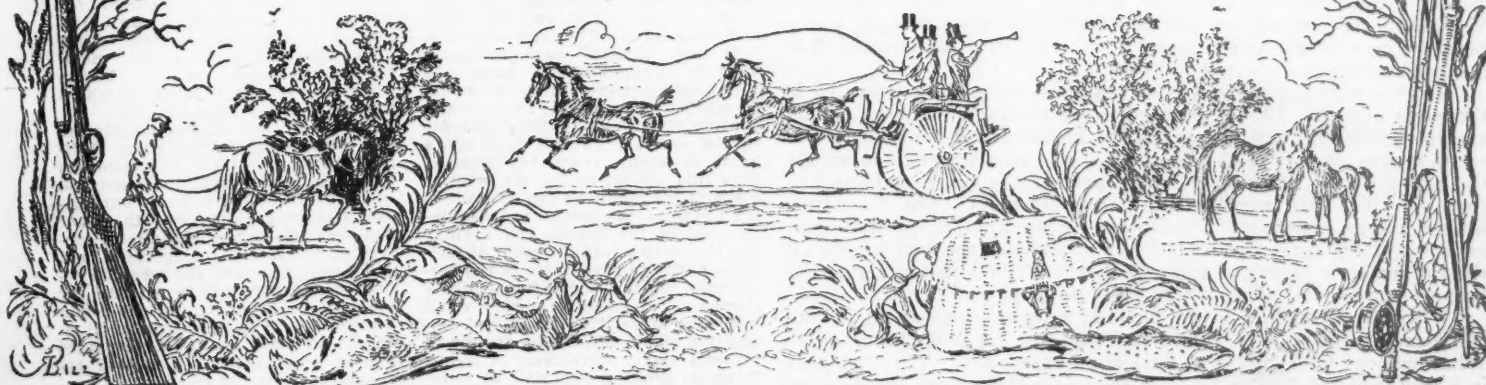
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## The Chronicle

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## RULES OF THE GAME

Two young ladies riding in the Virginia horse show circuit for horsemanship honors have been responsible inadvertently for an interesting problem in sportsmanship. Both of these youngsters are excellent horsewomen and deserve the highest commendation for their riding and skill as horsewomen. They are a credit to any show in which they choose to compete and add a great deal to the Virginia show circuit by their talent.

This season before the circuit ended, as they added up their points it appeared they were tied for the Virginia Horse Show Association award and remembering that last year the Association awarded two trophies as there was a tie, these two top horsewomen in the state decided to lay down their racquets and accept their honors with due modesty. After all they had shown more than any other youngster in the state, they had won more points and they were tied.

Their position is easy to understand and many of us would have made the same decision these two did, remembering the decision of the Virginia Horse Show Association the previous year to award two trophies. To think about it a little more, however, makes one realize the issue is deeper than it first appears. In the first place the tie developed before the season was over; secondly both girls stopped trying in horsemanship classes after they had established the tie but continued to show in other classes. Finally, when a full meeting of the rule making board had voted there should be a deciding exhibition as technically the two top contestants had not shown throughout the entire season, although they were clearly in the lead, the two refused to show any more.

The committee had no recourse but to disqualify both young riders and a very unhappy and unnecessary situation developed in which hurt feelings and hard words both spoken and written were passed around. Regardless of the reasons for the committee's decision, the most important consideration in any sport, is that competitions are for the sake of sport and good and sporting contestants abide by the decisions of the governing body. If contestants made the rules themselves, it would be one thing, but when they agree to exhibit their talents, they agree to accept rules of a governing body which in this case was and is an able and well qualified group of Virginia horsemen and women who acted only after thought and a proper vote, not only in a meeting of the executive committee but in a second meeting of the entire Board.

In this instance, there was no rule governing the committee in the event of a tie. Last year when two contestants had tied, having shown right up through the end of the season, the committee awarded its double trophy. This season there was an attempt to anticipate the action of the committee on the part of the contestants and to force a ruling that would favor both contestants. The committee invited a very competent judge to come from another state at their expense. They agreed to supply good horses for the two to ride off the tie and they explained their position and their ruling personally to both contestants. The answer was "No trophy no play."

What would happen in the finals of a tennis tournament if both contestants decided they would stop and ask for a double trophy? What happens in the event of a tie in an open class? What happens in a conformation hunter tie? In each case the judges decide what they want to do after due interpretation of the rules. If there are no rules or conditions, they make their own decision. The important thing, and one more important than winning, is to play the game and play it hard. This, in its essence, is sportsmanship. When winning, it is not hard to smile, but it is the adverse decisions that hurt for they require something more, something which is the essence of sport, something called "guts". If there was not something more to sport than just winning, it might be easier, but it would not be quite

so much fun. Then each would hang a sign over the stable door, "We ride for business only here, no sportsmen need apply." This is not the spirit behind horsemanship classes which are particularly designed to promote sportsmanship among young riders, nor is it the spirit of these two top Virginia riders. This was just a situation which required more thought than was given it and one which appeared as a minor item as so many things do when one forgets such boring, hidebound words as responsibility, example and the rules of the game.

## Letters To The Editor

## W. Plunket Stewart

The President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, W. Plunket Stewart, died Wednesday night at his home in Unionville, Pa. The sad news of the loss of one of the country's greatest sportsmen came just as The Chronicle was going to press. Mr. Stewart's death will be felt by foxhunters and friends throughout the entire country.

Funeral services are being held Sunday, December 26, at 2:30 p. m. in West Chester, Pa., at the old Trinity Church. Burial will be in Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's garden at Brooklawn, where Mrs. Stewart was recently buried.

## Stallion Roster Correction

Dear Sir:

Included in your National Stallion Roster issue of December 10, 1948 are the Remount Sires listed by States and you show nine as being located in North Carolina.

\*Preisrichter, which is assigned to me, is the only Remount Stallion placed in North Carolina. The other eight listed should have been under the heading of those in North Dakota.

I think a correction should appear in a future issue.

Yours very truly,

J. Lawson Dick  
Burlington, North Carolina.

## West Chester Hunt

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find an article from the Downingtown, Pa. Archive of December 9th. It was written by Jane McIlvaine, who is co-editor and co-owner, with her husband, of the paper.

Mrs. McIlvaine has written a series of profiles on the various huntsmen of our Chester County area, each one of which, has been both informative and interesting.

Our thirteen year old daughter is the only fox hunter in our family. The rest of us have read these articles with a deep interest and have gained a real knowledge of our hunts, of their staffs, and the 'whys and wherefores' of hunting etiquette.

If more articles, such as these, were to appear in local papers in fox hunting communities it would do much to promote the interest and support of the non-hunting residents in the sport. I haven't been on a horse in many years but hunting days find me out in the car, with as many of my family as can go, following the hunt. We are all ardently interested in the fences, the country and the hounds—to the point of feeling a desire to participate in the furtherance of the sport financially—though of necessity in a very small way. But every little helps, and getting the whole community to join in projects would solve many a hunts' financial problem—as well as interesting our youngsters in one of the cleanest and finest of American sports—perhaps the last of the amateur sports—everything else seems to be going professional.

To fox-hunting everywhere—all of the best in the world.

Sincerely yours,  
Elizabeth Von Tress

When the late Mr. Charles Mather

moved to Lenape in the early 1900's, West Chester, said to be the second oldest hunt in the country, graciously turned over its territory so that the Brandywine might become recognized. Since that time both hunts have hunted the same country on alternate days with nary a hitch or border dispute. Sometimes the two packs cleave together and hunt as one and relations are so good between the two organizations that Charley Sheller often calls Mr. Gilbert Mather to tell him where to find a fox the following day and vice versa. This makes the West Chester somewhat unique in foxhunting annals. It is an organized, but non-recognized hunt without a country, practically without dues and according to Charles H. Seller, would be just as well off without a huntsman!

Once several years ago when Mr. J. C. Murtagh was master, hounds went away and Charley found himself riding back alongside Mr. Murtagh who inquired, "What are you doing here?" Charley replied that he didn't want to hurt his horse and furthermore that the pack was so good that they didn't need a huntsman. "Why", says Charlie, "When my hounds run they don't need anyone to tell them what to do. When you're not worried about them—then you've got a pack!" Huntsman Sheller believes in "Letting 'em alone until they get in trouble" and is convinced that they could hunt just as well without him.

The Field, however, doesn't agree with this "laissez-faire" theory. In their estimation there is none better than Charley Sheller in finding a fox and helping hounds hunt it. Furthermore, its doubtful if Charley, after 17 seasons as huntsman, would be happy to stay home and peddle his wholesale produce (fruits and vegetables) while hounds went out crisp, cold mornings without him. It would be like sending a ship out to sea without its rudder.

Right now, Charley is as happy as a boy with his first pony. His hounds for the first time in forty years are living in the manner in which they should be accustomed and he is as proud of the new kennels as he is of this season's young entry. Until recently the kennels consisted of rat infested "piggins" on Miner St. on the outskirts of West Chester.

The new kennels were jointly financed by hunt members and typify West Chester's cooperative, sporting spirit. Three members bought a 25 acre lot, five acres of which they gave the hunt. One member drew plans, another contributed a driveway because that was his business, lightning rods were donated and installed. A third insisted on repairing and installing cookstoves for free and the upshot was a new building, on new ground complete with 6 bunkrooms and yards, a meat room, hospital and even a foot bridge across the stream adjacent to where the old kennels were situated.

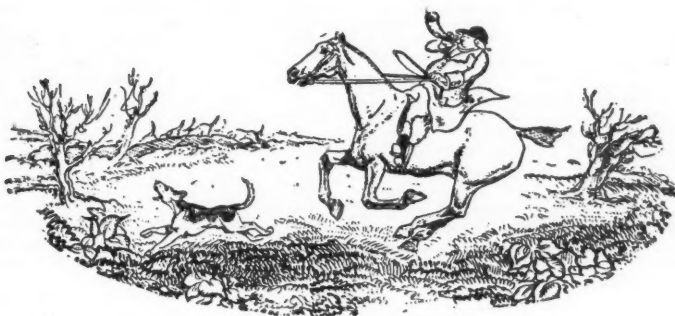
The building itself was largely the gift of the master Mr. Vernon Hoffman, but most of the 105 members of the hunt enthusiastically chipped in on the enterprise. Their enthusiasm largely explains why the hunt has grown to be one of the most successful enterprises of its kind and completely disproves the accepted belief that foxhunting is strictly for pinkcoated plutocrats. As one member put it: "The hunt has functioned for 75 years on \$10 a year dues and is more vigorous than ever because the members consistently contribute whatever they can plus time and energy at times when they are needed."

Charlie Sheller himself pitched in when needed. It was back in 1931 when Mr. Murtagh needed a huntsman to replace Jay Hibberd, long-time enthusiast who now follows by car on most hunting days. At the time Sheller was working with his

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## The Merry Chase of Ferdie Fox



### Potomac Hunt Has Superlative Day Dec. 11 Aided and Abetted By Ferdie and Elsie Fox Who Tell the Story In Their Own Words

Alden Crane

Little Ferdinand Fox with his Aunt Elsie in close pursuit rushed into the living room of the Fox residence and woke his grandmother from a sound sleep by strutting up and down in front of her chair and singing at the top of his voice to the tune of Happy Days Are Here Again.

Little Ferdie's a Big shot now.  
Little Elsie's a Big shot now.

When Ferdie finally ran down like a second hand victrola, old Mrs. Fox asked, "Why, what's wrong with the lad? He seems mighty proud about something."

"Mama," answered Elsie, "He has nothing at all to be proud of. In fact he should be heartily ashamed of himself. And after all the work I have done trying to make him a little gentleman! You know you told us to go to Mr. Hanson's and pick up a chicken...."

"By the way," broke in the old lady, "Where is that chicken?"

"I'm coming to that. Well anyway, we'd been there a few minutes and had picked up a real nice pullet when all of a sudden those awful hounds and terrible people rode through the gate. They had a lot more people dressed up in those pink coats than usual. Then I suddenly remembered that today was Saturday and The Potomac Hunt and The Marlboro Hunt were having a joint meet."

"We were up there on the hill and saw Dr. Greear with Mr. William Brooks and Mr. John Bowling, Joint-Masters of Marlboro. I did not know where to run and I could see Douglas Burgess getting ready to put the hounds down in the woods just below us. Then Ferdie suggested that we give them a run. Of course I refused to have anything to do with such a foolish idea. So Ferdie said he knew a good place for us to hide and ran down the hill. Of course I followed him."

"I could not run very fast because I was carrying the chicken. And when we reached the creek, Ferdie told me the best plan would be for me to run along in the shallow water while he led the pack off."

"That was smart, Ferdinand," said the old lady beaming at her grandson.

"Mama," continued Elsie, "Melody, Farmer, Rattler and the rest of them passed right by me. I was positively petrified. Then after them came all of those people: Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. Al Smith, Mr. John Kelly and his two daughters: Nancy, on that Maryland Miss, and Katherine. Then there was Jane Hathen, Mrs. Horgan,

Commander Hughes, and a whole lot of other people."

"I was sure Ferdie would be killed with all that crowd after him, but there was nothing I could do, so when I was sure there was no danger, I went to that old house. You know the one we moved from on account of the Wellington Woodchuck family you disliked."

"Disliked!" exclaimed the old lady, "Now, Elsie, you know I am a good hostess. But when you have neighbors like that Woodchuck family, you have to move. Why I'll never get over old Mr. Woodchuck. He dropped in one October afternoon and went to sleep. The following April he woke up and left. There's a limit to the type of people you can have in your home."

"Mama, as soon as I got to that old house, I heard the hounds coming back. They were up on the ridge and moving fast. I got a good look at the Field. Mrs. Earnest Smith and that pretty little Bette on their pair of matched greys took that big coop on the top of the hill. Right behind them were Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll, and Colonel Shryock, on that horse he got from the King of Italy; and Mr. McConihe, Mrs. Blays and Mr. Hal Poole with the rest of the Field following."

"Just then little Ferdinand came running out of the woods and told me we had better get in because the hounds were not far behind him."

"Well, Mama, you never heard such an uproar. Those awful hounds were at the door almost as soon as we went in. They said horrible things. Then all the people and horses came up. Everyone was talking and to hear them you'd think Ferdie was a giant. I was certainly surprised at Ferdie. Instead of being thankful over his narrow escape, he kept bragging how he had taken that big pack of hounds and all those people around half the countryside trying to catch him. Mark my words that boy will get his come uppance one of these days."

"It was fun, Grandma," piped little Ferdinand.

Elsie gave him a disdainful look and continued, "Now, Mama I'm coming to the bad part and I'm sure when you hear what happened you'll agree that Ferdinand should be severely punished. Some minutes after everything had quieted down Ferdinand went to the door and looked out. He called down to me that the hounds, horses and people were out of sight and it would be safe to come up. Then when I came to the door,

he said he was very tired and would rest there and bring the chicken home with him. He wanted me to come and tell you we were safe. Of course I believed what he said."

"I crossed the creek and was just going over the ridge in the woods when those awful hounds picked up my line. They had been out of sight of the old house, but just around the bend of the creek. I am positive that Ferdinand knew it."

At this point old Mrs. Fox, with just the suspicion of a smile on her face, looked at her grandson. Ferdie's face reflected nothing more than injured innocence.

"Ferdie," asked his grandmother, "Did you deliberately send your Aunt Elsie out when you know the hounds were near?"

"Of course not, Grandma! But it was really very exciting. You know Aunt Elsie's kind of fat"—this statement produced a glowering look from Elsie—"but when those hounds opened up, she really started to move. She went over the ridge with the pack right behind her. The horses could not cross there so everyone galloped for that coop in the fence along the road. There was a very muddy take off and some of the horses slipped, but none went down until Mr. Claude Owen came along. That big black of his slipped taking off and hit the top of the coop and went down. The horse and Mr. Owen were pretty tangled up for a few moments, but they got clear of one another. Mr. Owen was scratched up a bit, but he got back on and followed the rest of them. He's a real fox hunter, he is."

"Mama," went on Elsie, "I crossed the road and tried to head for home, but they were too close behind me. I ran across a field where there were some men clearing up dead grass. Then I ran down the road and into some thick cover where the hounds lost me. I had just gotten my breath and was heading for that patch of woods where they chased me so hard that rainy day last month."

"You know, I saw something very funny that day. There was a tree across the road and that man that belongs to that horse Brandy broke off some limbs which were sticking up so Dr. Greear, Commander Hughes and the rest could jump it. Well Jane Hathen was on a young horse and did not jump when the others did, so that Brandy's horseman went back to help her. I was sitting on the hill and could see them well. You know what he did? He tried to bite her."

"Bite her? You've a lot to learn about people Elsie," answered her mother. "But what about today? Did hounds chase you any more?"

"They certainly did! But I ran into a field where there were some horses and they finally lost me in a patch of woods beside the field. They thought I had gone into one of those old houses where those cousins of yours used to live. But I really went back to get Ferdinand and the chicken."

"Yes, the chicken! Where is that chicken?" questioned the old lady.

"Mama, Ferdie ate it. He had eaten that whole chicken and was fast asleep when I got there."

"Ferdie ate it," repeated the old lady and then bursting into laughter, exclaimed, "Ferdie's a real fox. He takes after his father!"

## Monmouth County Hunt

Red Bank, N. J.  
Established 1855  
Recognized 1904  
Master: Amory L. Haskell.  
Hounds: Harriers.  
Hunting: Hare and fox.  
Colors: (foxhounds), scarlet, maroon collar; (harriers), green, maroon collar with yellow piping.

September and October proved disappointing for sport here, though a few days were noteworthy. Cubbing started as usual, with all the meets scheduled for the kennels. This is because Monmouth Co. is almost completely composed of truck gardens, and until the first frost, too much damage is done hunting across them. The kennels are at Woodland Farm, home of Amory L. Haskell, M. F. H., which is close to 1000 acres of lovely pasture and wood land, with several neighboring farms in turf, which makes an almost perfect setting for hunting. There are several foxes in the coverts, and one can always be sure of sport of some kind when hounds meet at home.

The best day of cubbing was the last, the Saturday previous to Columbus Day, which is the traditional opening meet of our hounds. Only a handful were out to enjoy both a good run and lovely weather. We found immediately in the Burma Road, a small swamp not 100 yards below the kennels, which invariably provides a fox. He was viewed breaking from the wood on the north side, heading for the Warings' place, and then on straight into their wood, where hounds checked, but cast themselves and went on immediately going fast to Chapel Hill, a small village where all the 30-odd residents had viewed the fox, and headed him. He swung right-handed towards Navesink, and was again headed in a sheep pasture. Hounds checked here again, but working the line beautifully, slowly hunted him to the Crane's farm, where the fox was once again viewed as he crossed the road and onto the race course. Here hounds fairly boiled along, pushing so close on his brush that he was unable to make for his earth, but was forced straight on to Mrs. Ruthrauff's, where hounds checked again. Casting to the left, they picked up the line again, working slowly through Mr. Timolat's and straight on to Strother Jones' in Locust, a good four-mile point, where he deservedly saved his brush by going to ground.

Saturday, October 30, found us at the Bucklin farm in Phalanx. We drew their covert, and then Tom Frelinghuysen's wood for foxes which everyone has viewed but never when hounds are within ten miles! Both were drawn blank. There was a big football game in Princeton that day, so Jimmy Hauck, Nancy King, and several others pulled out for it—to their misfortune, as the minute they were out of sight, we got up

Continued on Page Six

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## Orange County Hunt Club

The Plains, Virginia

Established 1903  
Recognized 1903

Joint-Masters: Fletcher Harper  
Robert B. Young.  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet.

The comment made in the last hunting notes for this pack was that the official season would have to go some to compete with the cubbing. The season seems to be holding its own nicely. Trying to pick out the four outstanding days from November 1 through December 11 has just about put this Chronicleur up a tree. It really comes down to a matter of personal choice as almost every day in the hunting diary has something to recommend it. After much nail chewing, cognition and consultation with Joint-M. F. H. Robert B. Young, the ensuing accounts proceed with due salutations and congratulations to the memorable days unmentioned.

November 22 dawned full of low-scudding clouds and a stubborn drizzle. Shortly after the decision was made to hunt the heavens opened. Enroute to Mr. William Phillips', M. F. H. Young and his spouse accepted the inevitable and made plans to send the horses home from the meet. On arrival, in the driving downpour, jocular remarks were flying about rowboats being in order, and the gambling element planned a morning bridge game. During the twenty minutes' wait as the sopping hounds, horses and Field assembled, Robert Young and Huntsman Leach took a look around and decided, at last, to give the brave fox-hunters some exercise if nothing else. So off we sloshed and as we went the rain let up a bit. By the time we hit Mrs. La Pearl's woods it was very gentle or maybe we were too wet by then to care. In any case, suddenly hounds went away and made a rapid turn across the pike by Mr. Seipp's, into Middleburg country, on to Mr. Schaefer's and back to Mr. Jay Phipps' accompanied by only the huntsman and active whips, Hallie Burgess and Tom Kirby. Mr. Young and the Field joined up above Cromwell's Run back of the Mill House and from there went straight away, high-tailing across the wide open fields of Phipps', through Rumsey's to the Zulla road and southward down it to the Youngs' woods, left-handed over the Fletcher Harpers' rolling pastures, into their woods, through them to Mrs. William Osborne's and again back into the Harpers' woods where the fox went to ground in an old tree stump. It was a breathless 35 minutes and a 6-mile point over the cream of the country. When the run ended no one knew whether it was still raining because the steam from the horses and rain-coats created an impenetrable fog and besides nobody really cared. There is something very special about riding a straight line very fast across the best of the country on a rainy day.

December 2 was a big day due to previous inclement weather and hounds met at Mr. Joseph Mulford's gate. There was some trepidation about the going so we tip-toed gingerly around for an hour or so and found it better than we had hoped for. Hounds found on Mr. Mack Pearson's cliff by Little River and proceeded to run their fox in a determined straight line from there to Mrs. A. C. Randolph's property by way of Mr. Von Stade's, Mr. Howell Jackson's, Robert Cochran's, Mrs. Ryerson's and Mrs. John Sweetser's, all good well fenced territory. It was another 6-mile point to the first check and we spent 45 minutes getting there. Huntsman Leach then gathered up the pack, put them on the line again and they carried it back through Mrs. Randolph's, Miss Margaretta Turner's and Mr. John Mitchell's for another 30 minutes. When hounds made a loss by Mr. Mitchell's house the general consensus of opinion was it might be wise to call it a day before that fox set sail for the Bull Run Mountains.

December 9 was another bye-day and the hunting diary remarks, "An altogether fantastic day and impossible to write up in detail" and ends up with, "possibly the best day of the season to date." In between those lines one gathers the following facts: Hounds met at Mrs. Norman Toerge's and found immediately on Middle-

ton's Mountain. After a brief skirmish around said mountain they flew, fairly airborne, over Mrs. Marie Moore's High Hope Farm, Wren's Mountain and swung off that into the Harpers' by the Youngs' driveway. We winged over those fields to their woods and into Jay Phipps' open field near the Meetze's Scales road. It was a wild 40 minutes and carried us well out of our intended territory so we sauntered along and took a breather before finding the second fox on Rumsey's. This quarry set sail westward over the Woodward Place and onto Hubert Phipps' East Rector land in Piedmont, then turned back over Johnson's and left-handed on to Mrs. Ashley Paddock's. We fairly flew over those green fields and good fences onto the Rumseys' and then back onto Mrs. Paddock's where hounds denned. That was another 35 minutes. There was hardly time to finish a cigarette as we drew again through Rumseys' before another challenger jumped up and we were off again, for what turned out to be 1 hour and 30 minute running time with a change of foxes somewhere in the middle of it and a final denning on Mrs. Marie Moore's. I can't go through any more of those right-handed, left-handed turns and neither can the long suffering reader. The final conclusion reached is that we were out 3½ hours and ran all but 40 minutes of it and if my arithmetic is wanting, please check me!

December 11 at the Frederick Princes' the temperature was 28 and a very chilly wind was blowing. This Chronicleur had "one of those mornings" which occurs to every foxhunter from time to time. Couldn't find the right breeches, lost the warm gloves and finally dashed out of the door flinging on a Melton coat made in 19 - -? which is being reserved for small son. Half way to the meet decided it wouldn't fit over heavy woollens but, naturally, couldn't persuade the M. F. H. to turn back, so delivered him and returned home post-haste, knocking down and covering with dust various, up-to-then, enthusiastic foxhunters enroute to the meet. Arrived back in a lather to find everyone shivering and horses tip-toeing around as though walking on eggs with tails over backs and snorting fiercely.

Despite all these bad omens it turned out to be, in due course of time, a red letter day. There was a small burst out of Whittings Mountain over Mr. Prince's and Mr. Charles Baird's of about 20 minutes, just enough to keep rigor mortis from setting in and then before virus X took hold, hounds jumped a fox on Mr. Walter Woolfe's near Five Points which was the only piece of Orange County country I saw for the rest of the day. This fox was obviously an old Piedmont character just out "visiting" for he proceeded, with "a great eye for a country" to carry us over the fox-hunter's dream. Wide green pastures encased in old time stone walls with "riders" on top interspersed with rail fences where each one could pick his own panel. For 1 hour and 20 minutes we galloped rapidly and steadily over Mr. Jay Phipps', Mr. Hubert Phipps', Mr. Paul Llewellyn's, Mrs. Remy's and Mr. Paul Mellon's until hounds checked briefly in cattle. From there on it was a slow hunt with great hound work as they tenaciously pursued their fox across Mr. Mellon's. The remainder of the Field had the most memorable sight of the day when the fox crossed Goose Creek, swollen and swift-running from the heavy rains. Shortly after the lead hound, old Barfield, reached the banks and without hesitation flung himself in and was carried fifty yards downstream by the current. The rest of the pack quickly followed and on reaching the other side, without stopping to shake themselves, they picked the verdant Mellon pastures until they denned their rugged quarry in the Mellon field opposite Mrs. Cary Langhorne's back entrance. All told it was 1 hour and 40 minutes with never a dull moment.

And so there you have four outstanding days among a host of others. Which one was "the day of the sea-

## Middleburg Hunt

Middleburg, Virginia

Established 1906  
Recognized 1908

Joint-Masters: Daniel C. Sands  
Newell J. Ward  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, apple-green collar.

With cubbing season over, after a month of profitable training and hard work on the part of the hunt staff, we find hounds eager for some good days of sport.

October 30 rolled around mighty fast, after some wonderful cubbing, and a Field of about 60 were present at Benton, the home of Daniel C. Sands, Joint-M. F. H., for the opening meet.

Huntsman Charlie George moved off with hounds and cast them across the road and drew Mr. Sand's woods, which proved rather unsuccessful even with the "hootin'" and talking to the hounds. Then we headed for Mr. Hitt's farm and took our first jump when we thought hounds had really gone-away, only to find ourselves checked at Hitt's race track. Hounds didn't keep us waiting long and we moved from there out over a stone wall which startled a few people, as there appeared to be something very odd lying across the wall, which looked something like an old piece of inner tube. It wasn't discovered until some brave soul looked down, when she was going over, that it was a studded cowboy belt. Could it be the remains of the Rodeo!

From there we went down to the creek and up through the woods and all of a sudden tally-ho was heard and there was mama, papa, and little fox. Hounds thought they would be smart and take the smallest one to run, thinking, of course, he couldn't run very fast, but did they get fooled, as he took us on a hard, fast, run with one short check on Goodstone, for about 40 minutes. When we checked at Goodstone it looked like hounds were out to kill, until a deep voice was heard saying, "don't let them kill that fox, save him for another day." Hounds were whipped off temporarily but the fox thought this was too much fun, so he gave us another little burst and

son" will make a good fireside topic when the winter blizzards come on, who knows maybe that day is still tomorrow?—S. Y.

we circled around Benton and finally denned him back in Mr. Sand's woods.

It was such a hot day that when we were pulling out you would have thought the people that were on brown horses at the meet had changed mounts behind the woods someplace, as they were so lathered up that they all looked grey.

Among the followers were: Miss Charlotte Noland, Mrs. C. O. Iselin, Mrs. Newell Ward and Mr. Ward, Joint-M. F. H., Rogers, Fred, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Ridgely White, Mrs. S. E. Badger, Mrs. Phillip Connors, Mrs. Amory Perkins, Miss Nancy Hall, C. Cochran, Allison Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Clark, Mrs. H. P. Conkey, Donald F. McKenzie, Miss Theresa Shook and Mrs. James Guitart, who were well escorted by about twenty-five Foxcroft girls.

It was the general opinion of those that were out, that what you do on the day of the opening meet you do the rest of the season, so it looks like Middleburg is in for a good one.—J. H.

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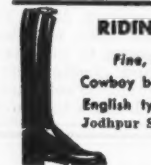
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## Huntingdon Valley Hunt

Holicong, Pennsylvania  
Established 1914  
Recognized 1914

Master: H. Douglas Paxson.  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, blue collar.

### October 2

The heavy Friday rain had given fresh life to the parched ground and foliage and we met at the new kennels at six o'clock on a cool, clear morning, hunting twelve couple. There was a Field of about ten, including Buck Lojeski, who is one of the largest farmers in this new country and who was indispensable in opening it up for us.

Hounds were cast on the Gardenville Ridge near Durham Road from the abandoned Township Line Road which runs midway between the crest and foot of the Ridge on its three-mile stretch to the Delaware River. The pack opened up within a few minutes and our Huntsman, Eddie Marshall, viewed a red fox slipping out of the large woods to the west. Before hounds were harked to him, the Master and whipper-in, Ed Taylor, viewed another fox, an exceptionally large red with white tag, as he bounded into the old road, turning and leisurely trotting down it to the open fields. Hounds were brought to this line and acknowledged it instantly with great authority.

This is the first time in the history of Plumbstead Township that a fox has ever been hunted there by a large pack of hounds, but our pilot ran like an old trouter. At a dazzling pace he made it down to the Lojeski farm on Cottageville Road at the bottom of the valley, doubled back and streaked through the glistening, green fields with the pack flying within 250 feet of him, directly beneath our noses as we peered down the slopes of the Ridge.

Circling through the big woods he again broke into the lower country below us, this time turning back at the Holobenzy farm and making a large loop, swinging around above us along the crest of the ridge to his habitat. Disdaining once more the safety of his den, this grand fellow risked it in the open valley below for a third time, on this occasion returning via the top of the hill again. Here the writer had one of the finest views imaginable. We were but a hundred feet below the crest of the green, steep hill when Reynard, badly fatigued by his first hour's experience before hounds, dragged his stricken body, tongue out, brush down, across the crest in such a way that he was silhouetted against the blue sky above. But a few feet behind, running him by sight, were our hounds, still well packed together. Scarcely making it to the woods, our quarry slipped to earth an instant before hounds were able to roll him over.

The second draw was in the next woods down the old township road and it was rewarded promptly with a fine running fox which set his mask through Smith's, Brown's, and toward Tinicum Township, making a great loop back to Litze's, going to earth in our first covert. This run was so fast that at times it was all that we could do to stay with hounds in spite of the many well-placed panels. At 9:30 we called off with horse and hound both tired, and roared back to kennels with the assuring thought that a summer's hard work in opening up this great country had been amply rewarded.

### October 5

Our fifteenth meet of the season was at Tom Norris', starting at six o'clock on a chilly, damp morning, hunting ten and one half couple. We hacked over to County Home where hounds were thrown in Prickett's woods. Drawing it blank, they were lifted and taken to Cass Wilkinson's woods, where they spoke encouragingly on a line which ran down to Castor's farm and then, keeping Ross Stempel's buildings on the left, swung west towards Tradesville. Here we encountered an enormous cornfield on the Brinker farmstead, where we unfortunately lost our fox.

The next draw was the heavy Neshaminy Creek covert from Colonel Heritage's up to Bezdek's, where hounds jumped a fox which went out immediately, risking it in the open for a mile and a half back to the Norris farm. Here the flying pack

was brought to their noses for a moment but soon pushed their quarry to the Neshaminy gorge near Lackawanna Trail, where he doubled and was viewed by Whipper-in Will Lobley heading back for Bezdek's. Another unharvested cornfield of some 150 acres and falling scent proved too much for hounds and they were called off at 9:30.

### October 7

It was cool and gray when we met at the Hulme barn at six o'clock with eleven couple. Upon being thrown in the woodland covert hounds jumped a fox which they pushed with considerable drive down to Babylon Road, where he bore left-handed, running up through the cedar tree covert where he was marked to earth after a ten-minute run.

The middle woods covert on the next cast yielded a much bolder fox which took hounds streaking down to Governor's Road where they were brought to their noses on the plough. After several increasingly wide casts they had him again, carrying the line south for a half mile, swinging around in a huge circle to the Grame Park thicket. Here we all viewed Reynard breaking across the famous green hayfield, loping at a fox's leisurely haste. For a moment hounds were at fault as they did not come out of the thicket on the line, but at its end, quartering and running at great speed along its edge. Being at right angles to the line and crossing it at this speed they over-shot it. Our huntsman then helped them a little and they soon acknowledged the line in the open field and ran it down to the plough which we had just left fifteen minutes before, where there was another check. This check, however, they were unable to work out and despite repeated tries we could not find out what became of this fox.

Now hounds were blown in, roared down Keith Valley Road through Mrs. Smith's, and after swimming the creek were cast on Hess's hill. All of the trails and alleys were almost completely blind after last summer's over-abundant growth. Hounds picked up a line and worked it over to Park Valley Road where they threw their heads up. It was then nine o'clock and scent had apparently given out. We decided, however, to hunt home and on the south side of the hill suddenly jumped a fox that crossed two and a half miles of country with winter speed. Having put this fox in to his well-deserved den, hounds roared back very nicely in spite of the tempting stretches of unharvested corn. Miss Dorothy Adams and Mrs. Pliny Hartenstein were both with us when this fine fellow was marked to earth.

### October 9

The Lojeski farm was the scene of our second Saturday meet in this grand, new country. It was an ideal hunting morning, cool, clear and with a heavy dew on the ground. At seven o'clock the Master met a Field of about a dozen, including Miss Adele Paxson, Bill Oehrie and his attractive daughter, Nancy, Miss Joan Ridder, Tommy Ashbridge, Buck Lojeski, Fulmore and Bruce Miller and John Hanna, and we moved off to a very exciting morning of sport.

Upon being thrown in Schwartz's woods hounds soon owned a line, driving the fox north along the crest of Gardenville Ridge, down to Smith's, where he doubled back towards his home, but was forced to ground at the edge of Township Road some 200 yards short of it. This run lasted for twenty minutes and most of the field had an opportunity to do a good bit of fencing over the newly erected panels on the Smith farm as well as to view this great big fox.

As we were at covert-side we drew Swartley's woods again and two large reds jumped out of the nearby cornfield. The pack was immediately split, fox number 2 taking about four couple to Gardenville and fox number 3 taking the majority of the pack, and foxhunters, on a fast half hour run that ended abruptly when this big fellow was denned in Brown's woods. This is quite a distance across country from Swartley's woods and one of the most successful attempts of the season in straightening out our foxes.

The hounds that had run fox number 2 finally brought him back to Swartley's woods and marked him there. We had decided to hunt the lower part of the valley and were calling these hounds out when they started fox number 4. Along they

## Redland Hunt

Sandy Spring, Md.  
Established 1936  
Recognized 1938-47

Master: Thomas T. Mott.  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, old-gold collar with black piping.

Redland Hunt met at Laytonsville, on Saturday, December 11th. Hounds moved off at one o'clock. The hunt hacked down the Unity road to the farm of Col. E. Brooke Lee, where hounds were cast. They drew the covert on Col. Lee's place without finding. This was a surprise, because such a numerous colony of grey foxes inhabited this covert last year, that it was difficult to tell who was chasing which.

Hounds next drew the covert on Griffith's place. They got up a grey and denned him on the crest of a wooded hill. Soon after they struck the trail of another grey. He gave us a chase around corn fields and woods for 45 minutes, then was treed on the bank of the Holland river. Your correspondent held the huntsman's horse while the huntsman crawled through barb wire, brambles and swamp, to the base of the tree. Your correspondent, on the edge of the cornfield, could see the fox crawl higher and higher up a very tall tree, and thought, "Well, that's one they can't get down."

By this time the field had reached the edge of the woods. Everyone tied horses' reins to branches, and crawled through the thickets to the tree. John Richards observed, "My windmill is 55 feet high, and that fox is 10 ft. higher than that." We had thought Dr. Keeler made a record last year, when he crawled 35 feet up to scare down a grey, but

went for a good half hour run to the north side of the Ridge and back.

At this point some of the Field pulled out as we passed through Lojeski's farm. However, we went on drawing down the middle of the valley through Myers', Tryseke's, Fell's, Greenberg's and Zelenevich's. We started a nice running fox on the Myers' farm but had to whip the pack off as he was headed into the Briggs' farm, which is about the only property in this whole territory on which we do not have permission to hunt.

At eleven o'clock scent had given out entirely and we pulled up at Warren DeLong's home in Carversville after a grand day in which we had started five magnificent red foxes, putting four to earth.—H. D. P.

huntsman Frank Fraley shed his coat and started what looked like a hopeless effort. The oak was fully two feet in diameter at the base, with no branches of any size until the crotch, 50 feet up. Fifteen feet off the ground the huntsman pulled off one spur. Soon he tossed down the second. He had to rest frequently to get his breath, and probably none of us thought he could reach the fox. We also recalled a broken rib he had sustained in a previous, valiant attempt. When he got to the crotch it looked as though the fox might crawl over his pursuer to escape. Frank assured us he was prepared for that sensation. Eventually the fox jumped off into space, and hounds promptly accounted for him.

The mask was given to Edward Fletcher, and the brush to Miss Bette Wilson, while Miss Jill Hinckley and Joe Richards, Jr. received front pads. There was a field of 24 at the finish, including M. F. H. Thomas T. Mott, Misses Nancy Hanna, Judy Johnson, V. Lively; Mr. and Mrs. William Gary, Mr. and Mrs. Van Schaik, Col. Daniel Boone, the Messers. Marrian Curran, Marrian Curran, Jr., Albert Stabler, Jr., George Smith, W. Wilson, John Blair and Joe Richards, III, as well as the hunt staff, Joe Fraley, whip and Mrs. McSherry, honorary whip.

Hounds got up another grey, but darkness was closing in, so the hunt was called off. Hounds were blow in, but at last reports "Slickie" was still trailing the grey.—E. McS.

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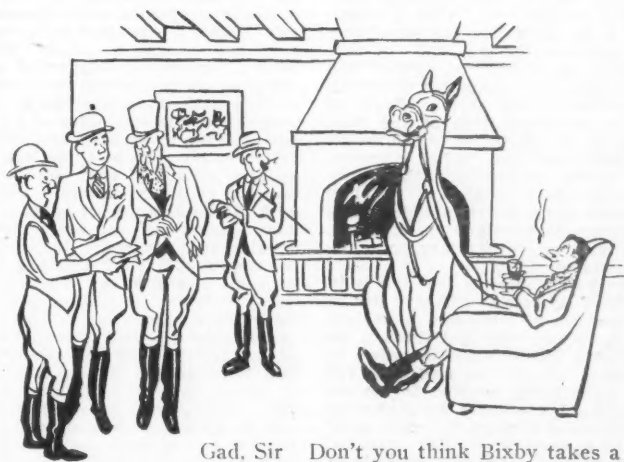
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## More About d'Aure and Baucher

### Comparisons Between Two Great European Masters of Equitation Find Uses For Both Methods of Modern Horsemanship

Major George de Roaldes



It has been said in the preceding instalment that the main difference between the two schools of riding, Comte d'Aure's and Baucher's, lies in the manner in which each of these great masters made use of the horse's impulsion. Comte d'Aure was seeking no more than a relative control of the impulsion by canalizing—so to speak—its flow and giving the horse the reasonable freedom of action and initiative needed for work at extended gaits in the field. On the other hand Baucher took an absolute possession of the impulsion, using it at will in order to obtain the perfection of balance, lightness and precision required for academic equitation.

Nowadays with the increasing development of outdoor riding which demands from the horse much boldness and extended actions, the d'Aure's method is by far the most popular while that of Baucher, not being compatible with work in the field and besides being of delicate application, is followed by only comparatively few horsemen. However, a certain amount of "Baucherism" judiciously applied has a beneficial influence on the training of any horse.

The fundamental principle of Baucher is to drive the horse to the bit by a strong leg pressure and to oppose, or rather to check the impulsion by the action of the hand. Thus the horse confined between the two opposing forces, the leg and the hand of the rider, cannot offer any resistance, he is "hogtied". However, the opposition of the hand must be limited to a minimum, and progressively increased until it produces immobility of the horse when at the stand still or steadiness of gait when in motion. This process which for lack of an adequate English translation we shall call "effet d'ensemble" is no more than the simultaneous action of the leg and of the hand. It has a powerful physical and moral effect on the horse who realizing the futility of his efforts to escape the application of the aids, gives up any opposition to the rider's demands. But the "effet d'ensemble" cannot be applied without preparation which consists of suppling all parts of the horse in which some muscular contraction or stiffness, voluntary or involuntary, may be encountered.

Baucher's theory is that the main points of a horse's resistance lies in the neck, jaw, loins and haunches, in that order, and that there is no resistance which is not preceded by a contraction of the neck and the jaw. Accordingly Baucher begins the training of his horse by limbering the forehead through the medium of suppling exercises called flexions. He first supples the neck directly in the axis of the horse and laterally, then follows the flexion, or the de-contraction, of the jaw, and finally the loins and haunches are suppled by the rotation of the hindquarters, using the shoulders as a pivot. These suppling exercises are first given at the stand still with the trainer on foot; then mounted but still at the halt, and finally in motion.

Here in the flexions given at the stand still, lies the first danger of the Baucher method; the horse at the halt mounted or dismounted, has no impulsion, backing may occur and the purpose of the flexion defeated. Moreover, Baucher demanded an exaggerated flexibility of the neck and the jaw. He was going so far in flexing the neck that the horse was looking backwards. He suppled the jaw to the extent that the horse,

opening his mouth, would let the bit go entirely. Under these conditions the horse's natural impulsion was much hampered, and only by means of a constant and powerful drive with legs and spurs could the rider keep the horse in the forward movement. This energetic and severe application of the spur was not without its drawbacks. The sluggish and good natured sort of a horse would soon get indifferent to the spur action; while the energetic and high strung animal would show a tendency to restiveness or even become permanently stubborn. Only Baucher and his very best followers could avoid this pitfall. The confinement of the horse between the drive forward made by leg pressure and the restraining of the impulsion actuated by the hand caused the drawing of the limbs too close together under the mass, thus placing the animal on a short base in the artificial equilibrium most favorable to the collected and upward movements of the "Haute Ecole" such as the "piaffe", the "passage", the pirouette at the gallop and the change of leads at every stride, but unsuited to extended actions.

The results obtained by Baucher were amazing. Most extraordinary was the short period of time in which he could train a horse almost to perfection. He never was known to have met with a failure. This is more than can be said for the great majority of the followers of his method. Fewer yet had the ability to apply it correctly and with skill and of avoiding its dangers; his method in the hands of most of his followers was like "a razor in the hands of a monkey."

To prove the efficacy of his method Baucher did not choose his horses for their apparent ability, physically or morally. On the contrary most of them were "rogues" or of a defective conformation. They were ranging from the energetic Thoroughbred to the more placid cold blooded ones or even to the most common type.

It is to Baucher that the equestrian art owes the change of leads at the gallop at every stride. For this innovation he was much criticized by some horsemen of the old school who branded such movements as "trickery." Nowadays such "trickery" has become a classic movement of superior dressage and is included in the prescribed performance of international competitions. Baucher is also the originator of a number of other movements such as the gallop to the rear on three legs, the Spanish walk and trot, etc., which because of their character conflict with the natural way of going of the horse; these are not recognized as classics and never are included in the specifications of dressage competitions sponsored by the F. E. I. These "stunts" lack in grace and smoothness, they do not improve horse training; they belong to the circus. But it must be remembered that Baucher was making his living at giving public performances, in and out of the circus, and that he had to draw the enthusiasm of the general public more by the sensational than by the discreet display of his art. He was well aware of that fact and often bitterly remarked that circumstances forced him "to be a montebank and, as such, to exhibit himself for a dime".

The dearest of Baucher's ambitions was to see his method adopted by the French army. In this he was disappointed. In the spring of 1842 by order of the Chief of Cavalry, Baucher and his son explained and demonstrated his method in a series of conferences in front of a large number of cavalry officers who were delegates from different regiments and from the Saumur Cavalry School. Tried on many horses under Baucher's personal direction, the method proved to be successful and met with the approval of many of the committee members, while others voted against it as not practical for

## Monmouth County Hunt

Continued from Page Three

a big native hare on Mrs. Barclay's farm. She gave us a nice circle over a fair line of country, and all the children who were out, especially veteran Betty Foales, who is not yet 11, got a good view of her. After a twenty-minute fast gallop, she headed for Mr. Newhall's farm, where we were forced to whip hounds off of her. He raises very snooty cattle who are disturbed by us, our horses and hounds, so that we are not allowed on any part of his large farm, which is a great misfortune to us. Then we went and drew the Riordan farm, which always has a jack or two, and got another hare going at once, an Okie this time, but she must know her way around, as, without further ado, she headed straight for Mr. Newhall's. We went back to the Riordans and found another hare which gave us a short but fast gallop over a good line of country. She finally went into a nearby swamp where hounds lost. Still another hare was found, but was chopped immediately. Albert Smith, our huntsman, said she had been hit by a car, so we were glad to put her out of her misery, and at the same time, blood hounds.

Last spring, Mr. Haskell bought the harriers from Prentice Porter's Cobble hunt. Though never to hare before, they are learning rapidly, and are proving an excellent addition to our pack, especially when it comes to hunting fox. Our harriers are the only English ones in this country, with the exception of the Cobblers, (I believe), that are not off-shoots from our hounds, so besides their value in actual hunting, these new hounds will be of great worth for breeding purposes. There are 6 1-2 couple of entered hounds, and 3 1-2 young entry from the Cobblers. This year, we have entered 3 1-2 couple of our own hounds, two bitches of which are particularly good-looking, and they, too, are promising. . . . . N. G. H.

the training of the cavalry horse. To settle the difference more experiments were made the following year, 1843, at the Saumur Cavalry School. The conclusion was drawn that the Baucher method would be more harmful than beneficial to the training of cavalry men and cavalry horses. Consequently, it was rejected and the Comte d'Aure system definitely adopted.

In 1855 Baucher fell victim of a serious accident which considerably weakened the strength of his legs. No more could he "carry" the horse with his vise-like leg pressure. This physical handicap and the realization that the abuse made of flexions and spurs was partly responsible for the failure of his method in clumsy hands, led Baucher to discover and put into practice a different way of applying his principles. For lack of publicity this "new manner" called the "seconde maniere" is unfortunately very little known; unfortunately, because its application is more within the reach of the average rider. In the "seconde maniere" Baucher discards the dangerous formula calling for the "simultaneous" actions of the hands and legs and substitutes "the legs without the hands, and the hands without the legs". The artificial balance imposed on the horse is replaced by the natural equilibrium in which the horse, as light to the leg as to the hand, appears to work on his own. The horse is no longer severely restrained between the leg and the hand, he is given more freedom and initiative.

Baucher reduced the use of the flexions to a minimum and discarded the first part of the direct flexion which lowers the neck to such a degree that the horse is almost "biting his breast", for this he substituted neck elevation, a more natural lightening of the forehead.

As a conclusion it is not possible to determine which of the two methods, d'Aure's and Baucher's is the best. They both have a special and different purpose; consequently the means of achieving each particular purpose are different. As said before, the Comte d'Aure's equitation pertains to the ordinary use of the horse while Baucher's principles apply to the more artistic side of horsemanship; superior dressage and Haute Ecole.

## Carbon Copy Noted California Hunter Painted By Slick

Carbon Copy, the Pacific Coast Hunter Champion of 1947, and reserve Champion of 1948, is one of the outstanding conformation hunters on the west coast. He is illustrated this week on the cover of The Chronicle. Owned by Miss Peggy Platz and trained by Robert Egan who has trained him from his 3-year-old year; Carbon Copy won 3 Thoroughbred Breeders Trophies last year, and 3 Thoroughbred Breeders Awards in 1946.

The painting sent The Chronicle through the courtesy of Ted Williams, was done by a young Californian, James Slick, who has done numerous horse portraits on the west coast in recent years, among them "Reading II, the Australian sire at San Fernando," "Oilverry, 1947 Santa Anita winner and Salamagundi, the 1948 winner of the Santa Anita Derby for William Helis.

The picture is a fine conformation study showing a horse of good balance with a fine sloping wither and strong quarters. He appears to be a powerful horse, not of unusual size, but of fine proportions. It would be interesting to see how he would compete against some of the eastern crack hunters such as Portmaker, "Golden Hill, Adventurer and the like.

Carbon Copy is a black son of Tick On out of Brigette, a Brig A Do-n mare, and was bred and raised by Neil McCarthy. Sold to Louis Rowan, he was placed on the track as a two year old and raced under Mr. Rowan's colors until withdrawn and placed in Donald Hostetter's hands for schooling in jumping. It was then that Miss Platz purchased him and put him into training with B. E. Blackwell who showed him his first year. His owner showed him the following three years to many championships before placing him in Robert Egan's hands. Mr. Egan showed him for about 2 1-2 years—Carbon Copy being the Pacific Coast Hunter Champion of 1947 and also the outstanding ladies hunter since he did not lose a class.

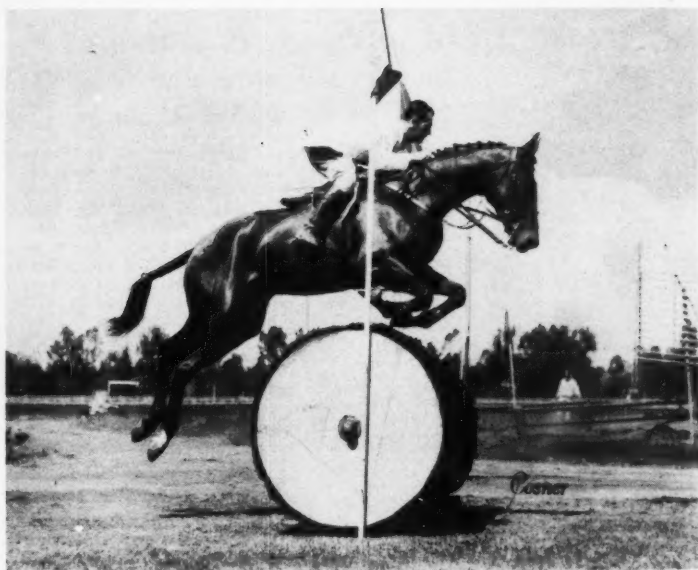
Although Carbon Copy did not start his show season in 1948 until June, he forged an enviable record for himself; out of 10 of the coast's major shows from Seattle, Washington to San Diego, he won 7 championships and 1 reserve championship. At his first major appearance of the year at the Los Angeles Spring National, he retired the End McLaughlin Trophy, a trophy to be won 3 times by the same horse before being retired. This trophy could be won by either a hunter or a jumper, or an accumulation of points in both divisions. Carbon Copy won a leg three years in succession, always in his own division, to retire it this last Spring. His next appearance at Del Mar saw him win the Fred Simpson Memorial Trophy for the champion hunter of the show the second year in a row. Then he went on to Santa Barbara where he won his second leg on the Perkins Memorial for the champion hunter of the show. His next championship was at San Mateo where he won a leg on the Dorothy Barrett Challenge Trophy. At Stockton he won the \$1000 championship stake and thence to Sacramento State Fair where he won the lightweight divisional stake and the Paine Memorial trophy for the open hunter stake. At Pomona he had the misfortune to lose the course in the stake after winning several of his classes, and was thus eliminated from the championship. At Portland he was reserve champion hunter and it was after this show that the horse changed hands leaving the Egan Stables to go on under the capable tutelage of Barbara Worth Dodge at the Seattle Show where he garnered several more blues. Mrs. Barbara Dodge then brought the horse south again to California where at the Cow Palace Show in San Francisco, he annexed the reserve championship of the show winning the lightweight hunters, 2nd in ladies hunters, Thoroughbred hunters and hunt teams, and winning the hunter stake. This was a grand way for a great horse to finish the year and assured him the Pacific Coast reserve hunter championship.











Mrs. Maria Springer's Bay Fern was another Robert Egan-ridden entry in the hunter division to finish among the leaders. Mr. Egan rode Miss Peggy Platz' Carbon Copy to finish in 2nd position. (Cosner Photo)

## Pacific Coast Champions Crowned

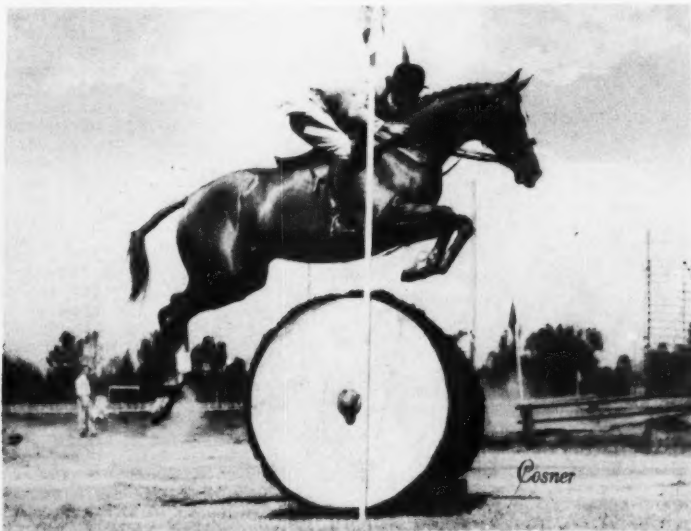
### Hunters, Jumpers, Stock Horses and Polo Ponies Receive Awards At Horse Show Season's Close

#### The Traveller

Throughout the horse show year, which started early in February 1948, the Pacific Coast Hunter, Jumper and Stock Horse Assn. has recorded the points for each horse shown in Pacific coast horse shows. The annual awards were made at the Grand National Livestock Exposition in San Francisco, which ended a most strenuous season of showing. There were 25 shows on the list which counted towards the final championship award. They reached all the way from the southernmost point of California, The Mid-Winter Fair at Imperial about 10 miles from the border, to Seattle, Washington which is only a few miles from the Canadian Border. All horse shows of three days or more were counted towards the final goal.

Champion conformation hunter of the Pacific Coast was that very consistent Thoroughbred Victory owned by Miss Mary Rogers, daughter of the late Will Rogers. Mrs. Robert Egan piloted him, as she has done in the past three years, to his overwhelming victory with 254 points.

Victory proved his consistency by beginning this year's struggle for supremacy early in February. He started the year out by winning six out of nine classes in his first three shows. He was naturally on top of the list with these wins and gradually widened his margin with every show that came up. This chestnut gelding by Camp Douglas made 14 out of the 25 shows listed. These included all the large nationals such as Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara and the Cow Palace. The rest were also under the A. H. S. A. but were supported as state and county fairs. Victory annexed many of his points by competing in the Pacific International, in which he was reserve champion in points by one point, and in Washington State championship show at Seattle in which he was top point horse. Victory was also awarded a championship award for the Best Hunter of the year at the recent Horsemen's Ball which was held in Southern California and sponsored by the Horsemen's Assn. Victory is best loved and known for his beautiful manners and his consistency and evenness in the way he performs.



Outstanding in his efforts throughout the 1948 season in the hunter division was Miss Mary Rogers' Victory with Mrs. Robert Egan up. Victory amassed 254 points to be the undisputed hunter champion. (Cosner Photo)

ency and evenness in the way he performs.

In the reserve spot for the year was Peggy Platz' Carbon Copy. Bob Egan brought the horse up into reserve spot in nine shows. Barbara Worth who is now Mrs. Don Dodge, finished the remaining 2 shows of the season as rider of this Thoroughbred. Carbon annexed 219 points which placed him in 2nd spot. This fine black gelding is mostly recorded in writeups for his good conformation. 35 points separated Carbon from the 3rd ranking hunter. Mrs. Dodge's Dale Raker annexed 184 point in approximately 15 point shows. This gray Thoroughbred is the 5-year-old son of Muckraker and has been a tough one to beat in middle and heavyweight classes. Rio Bravo's Sonny Bravo jumped up by leaps and bounds, by making some of the California inland shows, to end up 4th in line with 169 points to his credit. Joe Blackwell piloted this young gray horse through 13 point shows with a very consistent record. Bay Fern, 5-year-old by Vain Bachelor, who has been brought along very successfully by Bob Egan for owner Mrs. Maria Springer, ranked 2nd through the major part of the season which carried him through the San Mateo show in August. This consistent youngster might have been a good bet to stay in that position had he not missed some of the northern shows. However he made an enviable record at the point shows he made. Bay Fern

ways was always a threat in this years competition. At the beginning of the year these first four horses were very close in points. When Skyways failed to show at the last three large shows he lost a few points and thus finished in 4th spot with 126 points. Don Dodge brought his Ridge Runner up to 5th spot, with 102 points, but only by inches over Spanish King with 97 points.

In the Polo pony division which is also part of the hunter and jumper Assn. Barbara Dodge's Tecate donned the tri-color with 92 points to her credit. This mare is a Thoroughbred with plenty of go and lots of quality. In reserve with 52 points is Don Dodge's Coahoma. This chestnut has a good rein and sometimes doubles as a stock horse. Myron Stuart's Mas O Menus, finished third with 51 points. Due to an unfortunate accident this very good mare was unable to finish the season. However while she was shown she was a top contender. It was always a battle between her and Tecate to see which Thoroughbred would be queen. Mas O Menus has a very good rein and is a good type. In 4th spot was Frances B who was recently purchased by Mrs. Robert Day from Alex Bullock. This very flashy mare accumulated 35 points.

This ended the long year of struggling for supremacy, just to begin a new one in a few months. In the few months that will be labled "rest" there will be many horses really taking advantage of it.



Champion of the jumper division was Howard Gass's Oregon Duke. With his owner-rider, Oregon Duke finished the season 78 points ahead of Miss Peggy Platz' Coin Collector. (Markow Photo)

is best known for his true and even hunter way of going.

In the jumper division Howard Gass' Oregon Duke walked away with Championship with 255 points which really sewed up the tri-color in grand style. Mr. Gass and Mrs. Dodge piloted the chestnut horse to his many victories. Duke has a great quantity of bounce and is always a crowd pleaser. Peggy Platz' July purchase from Don Dodge, Coin Collector, proved to be a very wise acquisition. His consistency was most conspicuous from July through September. This horse is probably one of the safest rides in the ring today and possesses a great deal of manners. With 177 points tallied in 15 shows Coin Collector was well placed. With 165 points to his credit it is Balbriggan who threatened but didn't quite make it. This gigantic chestnut is owned by Mrs. J. B. Brown and is shown by her daughter Barbara Worth Dodge. It is really a shame to see this wonderful jumper get anything but top awards but in all probability next year will be his year to shine. Hard luck has fallen more than once on this great horse. He has been 2nd in big stakes and good classes more times with only 1-2 faults than any other horse out. But to counteract this he has a share of the blues too. Every time this horse enters the ring the spectators are assured of a spectacular performance because of the ease and precision like manner in which this truly great open horse jumps. The Blakiston Stable's Sky-

#### Top Ten in the Above Divisions

##### HUNTERS

- 254 Victory, Mary Rogers.
- 219 Carbon Copy, Peggy Platz.
- 184 Dale Raker, Barbara Worth Stables.
- 169 Sonny Bravo, Rio Bravo Ranch.
- 144 Bay Fern, Mrs. Maria Springer.
- 122 Yellow Sleeves, Blakiston Stables.
- 113 Mr. MacTavish, Blakiston Stables.
- 88 Azure Star, Rio Bravo Ranch.
- 85 Bonameo, Mrs. Ellen Lincoln.
- 75 Ibn Lare, Frances Zucco.

##### JUMPERS

- 255 Oregon Duke, Howard Gass.
- 177 Coin Collector, Peggy Platz.
- 165 Balbriggan, Mrs. J. B. Brown.
- 126 Skyways, Blakiston Stables.
- 102 Ridge Runner, Don Dodge.
- 97 Spanish King, Barbara Worth, Stables.
- 79 Brazil, Ney Sexton.
- 75 Hop A Long, Rudy Smithers.
- 72 Gold Leaf, Mrs. Robert A. Day.
- 58 Little Chores, Norma Mathews.

##### STOCK HORSES

- 168 Spook, Don Dodge.
- 123 The Squaw, Reed H. McAllister.
- 106 Poker Chip, Don Dodge.
- 74 Gaucho, Barbara Worth Stables.
- 58 Speck, Dos Pueblos Ranch.
- 55 Sir Freckles, Harold Fikstad.
- 54 Kitten, Jimmy O'Connell.
- 52 Shiny Pants, Ray Hackworth.
- 51 Lady Ginger, Triple D. Ranch.
- 48 Coahoma, Don Dodge.

##### POLO PONIES

- 92 Tecate, Barbara Worth Stables.
- 52 Coahoma, Don Dodge.
- 51 Mas O Menus, Myron Stuart.
- 35 Frances B, Mrs. Robert Day.
- 31 Hawk, Albert Roen.
- 24 Frisco Fog, Betty Tucker.
- 23 Ben Tiger, Irene Bramer.
- 22 Hesperia Girl, Guy Campbell.
- 21 Lassie Come Home, William G. Gilmore.
- 18 Chukker, Don McMillan.

## Racing In California and Florida



(Top) Parade to the post in Tanforan's \$50,000 'Cap. (Left) Freeman McMillan on pony Parnell leads Citation to the post. (Right) Another appearance in the winner's circle for Citation, Trainer H. A. Jones, Groom Larry McDermott and Jockey Eddie Arcaro. (Tanforan Photos)



The finish in Tropical Park's E. R. Bradley Mem.'Cap; 1st: Cat Bridge; 2nd: Bug Juice; 3rd: Approval and 4th: Mayram. (Tropical Park Photo)



Phar Mon with Jockey J. Breen up took the 2nd running of the Inaugural 'Cap at Tropical Park on December 1st. (Tropical Park Photo)



G. R. Watkins's Cat Bridge with M. Basile up scored an upset in the E. R. Bradley Mem., which was run on December 4th. (Tropical Park Photo)

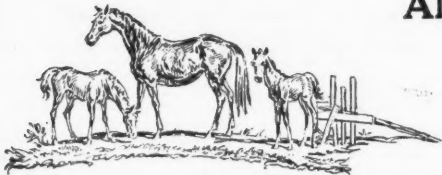








# BREEDING



AND

# Racing

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## Thoroughbreds

**Times and Distances of Citation and Man o'War Reviewed In 7 Different Races In Which They Raced Over Comparable Tracks**

Joe Palmer

What it proves isn't insisted on in this corner, but since after all racing is gone even from Charles Town and it looks like a long winter, a comparison of the respective times of Man o'War and Citation, at the distances they raced in common, may interest someone who would otherwise have to go out in the snow. There are various qualifications to be made, regarding the speed of respective tracks, and of the same tracks then and now, but the assumption here is that the reader has sense enough to make them.

The two horses have nine different distances at which both raced, but two of them have to be thrown out. Man o'War ran a remarkable mile and a sixteenth in the Potomac Handicap, under 138 pounds, in 1:44 4-5, and Citation, running the same distance in the Chesapeake Stakes, took 1:45 4-5. But Citation had only a "good" track, while Man o'War's was fast, though cuppy, so that a comparison here is manifestly unfair.

The same thing is true for a mile and three-sixteenths. Man o'War ran this distance in the Miller Stakes, in 1:55 3-5, for in his time the Preakness was at a mile and an eighth, and he had a fast track. Citation won his Preakness in 2:02 2-5, but on a heavy track, and while he cut this to 1:59 4-5 in the Pimlico Special, that can't be counted either, because it was a walkover and Eddie Arcaro had to have his arms massaged afterward because Citation had strained so against them.

But there remain seven distances at which each horse raced on fast tracks. As a 2-year-old, Citation spun five furlongs in :58 in an allowance race at Arlington Park, under 117 pounds. Man o'War raced five furlongs in :59 at Belmont, in his first

start, but that was down, or as we would say now, up, the old chute. His best time around a turn was 1:01 3-5, set in the Hudson Stakes at Aqueduct, under 130 pounds.

Citation ran six furlongs in 1:10 2-5 in his first start at three, beating older horses at Hialeah Park, under 113 pounds. Man o'War's best time for the distance was 1:11 1-5, only he didn't win, this being the time of the Sanford Stakes in which Upset beat him a half-length. He had 130 pounds in this. He once ran six furlongs in 1:11 3-5 under 127 pounds, but this was in the Futurity, also on the chute. His best time around a turn was 1:12, set in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes at two. He had no six furlong races at three.

At the mile, the advantage goes to the big red champion. In the Withers of 1920, under 118 pounds, he went in 1:35 4-5, beating Wildair two lengths. Citation's best mile was his Synsonby Stakes in 1:36, in which he won by three lengths over Top Flight, and carried scale weight of 119 pounds. Both of these races were at Belmont, if that means anything.

Citation ran his fastest mile and an eighth in the Flamingo Stakes last winter, carrying scale weight of 126 pounds, and covering the distance in 1:48 4-5. At Arlington Park later, meeting older horses in the Stars and Stripes Handicap, he covered the same route in 1:49 1-5, equaling the track record, under 119 pounds. The best mile and an eighth Man o'War ran was his famous Dwyer Stakes, the only time he was ever pushed at three. He carried 126 pounds, and turned back John P. Grier in 1:49 1-5. You may remember that Grier carried him for

Continued on Page Fifteen

## Florida Racing Faces Problems

**\*Marchons II and Circus Clown Look Good; Law Suits and Campaign For Off-Course Betting Overshadow Sport**

Tom Shehan

Long faces, pessimistic predictions of what the season holds, law suits, and campaigns for and against off-course betting greeted those racing fans who arrived in Miami prior to the Christmas holidays. The long faces were inspired by Tropical Park's unhappy experience during the first ten days of the current meeting. This track is said to be geared so that its per diem cost of operation amounts to only \$38,000, in contrast to the \$70,000 per diem that Hialeah is allegedly geared for. But in spite of this, Racing Director Gerry Brady told the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association's representatives, when he talked with them about a purse slash, that Tropical Park had already lost \$100,000 in the first ten days and that there was no prospect that it would do much better during the final weeks of the meeting.

There is a law suit involving Gulfstream Park, which has been involved in a succession of them since it was first opened back in 1938. Its former Racing Director Jimmy Clifford of Baltimore, Md., was "let out" last spring by Jimmy Donn, when Donn bought out the Shapiro interests which Clifford was representing in the managerial setup. Clifford is seeking to have Donn removed as the executive in charge of operating the track on the grounds that he is an unfit person to be charged with such responsibility. The result has been the washing of much dirty linen in public. Donn emerged in control of the track after the long drawn out battle which cleared the financial maze which resulted when Jack Horning, the young Pittsburgh contractor who built the track, was forced to the wall by a financial coup after operating it for four days back in 1938. Donn denied all of Clif-

ford's charges.

The Florida horticulturist, owner and operator of Miami's famous Exotic Gardens, has been a controversial figure in racing ever since he entered it as the Gulfstream Park landscape contractor. This battle is just another in a series of battles which involved Donn with (1) a group of minority stockholders headed by Harold Clark in a suit two years ago and (2) the Thoroughbred Racing Association. Donn's difficulties with the TRA came to light when he announced last spring that his track had resigned from membership in that organization and James E. Dooley, then president of the TRA, announced that Gulfstream Park had been expelled for violation of its code of ethics. Of his current difficulties Donn's only comment, when he visited the press box at Tropical Park on Saturday, Dec. 18th, was, "Don't tear up any tickets on Jimmy Donn!"

The campaign for off-course betting was launched by a politician, Leo Edwards, who is slated to become chairman of the Florida State Racing Commission after the first of the year. Edwards suggested that legalized off-course betting be tried in an effort to make up to the state the loss of revenue which has resulted from the decline in the mutual handle.

It is no surprise that no bookmakers of any importance have been quoted in favor of legalizing their profession. It is the history of these campaigns that it is always a politician, never a bookmaker, who wants to legalize the profession for the purpose of increasing the state's revenue. Just how the bookmakers feel about such campaigns can be seen by reviewing the fact that ten

Continued on Page Twelve

## TEN LEADING AMERICAN STAKES WINNERS

(Through December 18)

### 10 LEADING SIRES OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won	1st Monies Won
BULL LEA (Citation 16, Coaltown 5, Bewitch 4, Faultless, In The Pink, Anne's Lee)	28	\$934,765
REQUESTED (My Request 5, Miss Request 3, Prince Quest 2, Compliance 2, Model Cadet)	13	342,335
*MAHMOUD (Macbeth, Marabout, Quarter Pole 3, Speculation, Vulcan's Forge 2, Billings 5, Daily Dip, Mount Marcy, Snow Goose, First Flight)	17	299,325
WAR ADMIRAL (Mr. Busher 2, Blue Peter 6, The Admiral 2)	10	296,060
*HELIOPOLIS (Itsabet 3, Olympia 3, Imacomin 2, King Midas, Camargo, Noble Hero, Ace Admiral 2, Frankly 2, Istan 2)	17	229,157
HASH (Flashco, Salmagundi 2, Melf Hash)	3	204,860
DISCOVERY (Conniver 4, Knockdown 2, Miss Disco 3, Kitchen Police)	10	200,325
MIDSTREAM (*Shannon II 6)	6	196,810
CHALLENGEDON (Donor 3, Challe Anne 2, Shy Guy 2)	7	171,725
PANTALON (*Talon 2)	2	149,800

### 10 LEADING BREEDERS OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
Calumet Farm	31
L. B. Mayer	17
B. F. Whitaker	13
A. G. Vanderbilt	13
C. V. Whitney	10
Elmendorf Farm	10
Idle Hour Stock Farm	9
Coldstream Stud	9
Mrs. J. Hertz	9
W. M. Jeffords	8

### 10 LEADING OWNERS OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
Calumet Farm	31
Maine Chance Farm	10
F. W. Hooper	10
B. F. Whitaker	10
W. G. Helis	8
King Ranch	8
E. O. Stice & Sons	8
Brookfield Farm	8
C. Oglebay	7
J. M. Roebing	7

### 10 LEADING TRAINERS OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
H. A. Jones	24
W. Molter	20
J. P. Conway	13
J. W. Smith	10
I. H. Parke	8
M. Hirsch	8
R. Nixon	8
B. A. Jones	7
O. White	7
J. P. Jones	7

## A Visit To Lord Derby's Stud

The Home of Canterbury Pilgrim, Chaucer, Selene and Scapa Flow Is the Superlative Breeding and Racing Establishment

June W. Badger

Fifty-four years ago a mare was purchased in England, destined to found there one of the leading studs. Lord Stanley bought Canterbury Pilgrim for his father, Lord Derby. Bred to St. Simon, she got Chaucer, the sire of two of the greatest broodmares of all time, Selene and Scapa Flow. The former is the dam of Hyperion, \*Sickle, \*Pharamond II, Hunter's Moon by Hurry On (not the Hunter's Moon IV, by Foxhunter now in the U. S.); the latter, the dam of Fairway, Pharos and Fair Isle. Scapa Flow was a small filly and still a maiden in her second season. That fall it was decided to run her in a "seller", but she finally won three races at a mile and a half, the last time carrying 128 pounds with ease. She was kept. The story of Canterbury Pilgrim did not end there. Bred to John O'Gaunt, she got the mighty Swynford which sired, among others, Sansovino, winner of the 1928 Derby, \*Challenger II and \*St. Germans. In Swynford's heyday, 1911, Lord Derby held the position in racing statistics of being both the winning breeder and owner. Altogether he has been the winning breeder ten times. The black jacket and white cap has been prominent in the classic races since the Derby was won for the first time in those colors by Sir Peter Teazel in 1787.

The four studs of Lord Derby, just outside of Newmarket, cover 1,000 acres. His private stud, the Stanley House, holds his own mares and the stallions, Watling Street, Fairway and Hyperion. At the other three, The Woodland, The Plantation and The Side Hill, he keeps outside mares and two more stallions.

Colonel Adrian Scrope, was away when I arrived and his assistant, Mr. DuBusson, "French in origin, but English for 300 years" took me upon a tour, not only instructive, but most entertaining. We started with The Woodland Stud where are kept "public" or outside mares. The stable yards in all the studs have a center of clipped turf surrounded by a pebbled courtyard, each pebble looking as if it had been arranged by hand daily. The long lines of boxes open onto the courtyards, each having a large straw covered area enclosed by a high solid wooden wall. The straw covered paddocks, the use of which many stud farms would do well to follow, have a double function. There the mares with very young foals can be put for a few days to accustom the latter to being outside before they go onto grass. It is used also as a place in which to put horses when the boxes are being cleaned. I could not have appreciated that angle more, knowing the difficulty of occupied stall cleaning.

The grass paddocks at The Woodland are fenced by high clipped hedges, which Mr. DuBusson assured me, had the great advantage of windbreaks. "You don't have to come out and find out from what direction the wind is blowing. All you have to do is to see at what end the mares are." Four mares and foals were on grass powdered with gold. Buttercups are not as good a tonic as dandelions but with the sun they make a lovely setting for mares and foals. A small chestnut mare came up to us and a large chestnut colt chewed my jacket. They were Theia, by Hyperion—Friar's Bell, by Friar Marcus, the colt by Blue Peter. She had come to the court of Watling Street. To the court of Hyperion had come a brown mare of decided substance, Sword Knot, the property of the National Stud and by the distance horse, Trimdon—Sword Play, by Great Sport. Sword Play is also the dam of \*Challenger II. Her foal is a bay filly by Court Martial and of great perfection and symmetry for so small an animal. Sword Knot has gone to Hyperion.

The Stanley House Stud originally belonged to the Duchess of Montrose who raced under the nom de plume of "Mr. Manton", as at that time it was considered improper for women to own and race horses. She was an old tartar, as the story goes, and

her head stud groom used to hide when he saw her coming. One day he scurried up into a loft at the Duchess' approach. After some time and a long silence, he heard movement below. "Has the old cow gone?" He called down. "No", came the answer, "but you have." The father of the present stud groom, Walter Griffiths, took his place.

Sun Stream is at the Stanley House Stud, one of the most brilliant mares in England, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks. She moved away from us over the grass like a shadow, followed by a chestnut colt, by Precipitation. Sun Stream is classically bred and has the look of the lady she is, full sister to \*Heliopolis, by Hyperion—Drift, by Swynford—Santa Cruz, by Neil Gow. This year she went to Ocean Swell, standing at Lord Rosebery's Stud.

We looked at other mares, Garden Path, full sister to Watling Street, by Fairway—Ranai by Rabelais, a big, rangy powerful matron with the distinction of winning as a 3-year-old the Two Thousand Guineas, a race more apt to be won by a colt. Her bay colt is by Hyperion. This year she was bred to Borealis. Another big mare, a bay, was at the end of the field, Herringbone, which in 1943 won the One Thousand Guineas and the substitute St. Leger, and by beating the Derby winner Straight Deal, proved herself the best of her age. She is by King Salmon—Schia-parelli by Schiavoni. She goes back on her dam's side to Minoru, which ran under the colors of King Edward VII. He won six important races including the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. So popular was the outcome of the Derby that His Majesty, leading Minoru, was surrounded on all sides by the crowd, some of whom patted his shoulders, others shouting, "Good old Teddy" and all of them finally breaking into the National Anthem. Herringbone's chestnut colt is by Hyperion to whom she has been returned.

Watling Street, Fairway and Hyperion were at Stanley House. On the sides of two of the stallion boxes are the names of their former illustrious occupants, Chaucer and Swynford. Fairway, in his box, ankle deep in bright straw, his brown colt gleaming against the light wall, could have easily been a painting by Troye or Stubbs. Very elegant and neatly turned with a deep shoulder and strong quarters, he does not look his height of 16.2 hands. He won the Derby, was second in the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger.

In the next box was a small chestnut horse no more than 15.2; he stood over a lot of ground and his quarters were magnificent. By the great stayer, Gainsborough out of Selene, by Chaucer, he looked the perfect gentleman I was told he was. "Chaucer, his grandsire," stated the groom at his head, "was a small horse too, 15.1 1-2. Like a cricket ball he was." Hyperion stood watching us, very quiet, but very alert. He was obviously looking for something. He got it, a lump of American sugar I had carried six months in a pocket for just such an emergency. He is extremely fond of apples and definitely prefers Cox's Orange Pippins. If two apples are offered to him on a single palm and one a Cox's Orange Pippin, that he takes and no other. Would it be that the English were pulling an American's leg? However, he as it may be, he had my heart. He won the Derby and the St. Leger and has headed the list of money winning stallions five times, beginning with his 2-year-olds. His fee is roughly \$1,600.

Fairway is an old man now and takes life at his ease. He does not show his 23 years. He stands 16.2 hands, a dark brown, by Phalaros—Scapa Flow, by Chaucer, a perfect type of English Thoroughbred. He won the St. Leger (1 3-4 miles), the Eclipse (1 1-4 miles), the Jockey Club Cup (2 1-4 miles) and the Champion Stakes (1 1-4 miles) twice. He has headed the list of sires four times and is the sire of Blue

## Ireland's Quaintest Horse Fair

Horses Line Both Sides of Narrow Street And It Takes A Steady Nerve To Transact Business In An Aisle of Horses' Tails

Stanislaus Lynch

Kilgolagh is probably the quaintest horse-fair in the Irish almanac. The fair is held at a spot where three countries meet, Counties Caven, Longford, and Westmeath, and where the lake-boundary of County Meath nearly completes the quartette. The lake is Lough Sheelin, one of the finest trout lakes in Ireland, and its seven miles stretch of water can be seen from Kilgolagh.

By some old law, whose origin is probably lost in antiquity, the fair can be held in the village of Finnea, in County Westmeath, at any hour of the morning before nine o'clock, but, once that hour strikes, all horses must cross the bridge into County Caven and all business thereafter must be conducted on the stretch of narrow road that is Kilgolagh.

Vendors or purchasers have no option in the matter, for, at the ap-

Peter, Watling Street and Tideway.

We had to drive quite a distance to The Plantation to see Borealis. He is a beautifully made chestnut horse, standing 16 hands with a very clean set of legs. Very noticeable about the English stallions is the excellent condition of their legs. Even Fairway, at his advanced age, has legs as clean, the tendons as well defined as a 2-year-old. Borealis won twice as a 2-year-old, twice as a 3-year-old, finishing second in the St. Leger ahead of Ocean Swell and as a 4-year-old, he won three races including the Coronation Cup, finishing second in his only other start.

I did not get to The Side Hill Stud where Bobsleigh stands. Bobsleigh is by Gainsborough—Toboggan, by Hurry On. Toboggan, winner of the Oaks, is also dam of Hydroplane, which found her way from Lord Derby's Stud to that of Warren Wright in Kentucky, and after some time, as the story goes, she produced to Bull Lea a colt, later to be known as Citation.

(Editor's Note: Lord Derby's Fairway died after the foregoing article was written.)

pointed hour, the streets are cleared by the Civic Guards. Street would be more correct, for Finnea is a tiny village and possesses but one.

It's chief claim to notoriety is its historical associations. Myles The Slasher, a famous local hero of huge size and strength, fought a gallant battle long ago on the bridge of Finnea. Even after a sword had been driven clean through his cheeks, he closed his teeth on the blade and continued to fight until he and his comrades were hacked to pieces. At the highest point of the street a monument perpetuates his memory. There is a humorous story told about this monument; but I will tell it later.

The little village has not been overlooked in song, for Thomas Davis wrote a lovely, historical ballad, "The Flower of Finnea". He spelt the name as it is pronounced, with the accent on the final "ae"—Finnea: not as it is spelt nowadays, Finnea, although the pronunciation is the same.

In song of a lighter mood, the village is mentioned by Percy French in his inimitable piece of drollery, "Come Back Paddy Reilly to Bally-jamesduff." The Author was a brother of Lord French, who was the last Lieutenant of Ireland, and it was my father who first inculcated in him the rudiments of ventriloquism. Beyond that song's advice to the visitor to "Turn to the left at the Bridge of Finnea," I know of no other claim to notoriety by this village.

On the other hand, Kilgolagh, where the fair is held after nine o'clock, has no claim whatever to historical notoriety, so far as I know.

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## The Horse In War Torn China

**Cavalry Plays An Important Part In Chinese Fighting As Both Sides Make Full Use of Sturdy Northern Ponies**

Philip K. Crowe

Editor's Note: Mr. Crowe, whose war-time comments from many parts of the world will be remembered by many of our readers, is now in China on a special assignment. His observations on the horse and its uses in China form an interesting commentary on the current conditions around the city of Shanghai and elsewhere in China where the horse is still a major factor.

The horse is holding his own in war torn China and is in fact proving almost as useful today as he did in the times when Ghengis Khan conquered half the world on horseback. Both sides of the civil war use horse transport as well as cavalry and long after the limited mechanized equipment has bogged down the sturdy ponies of the North and their lighter boned cousins of the Central Valley keep the sinews of war moving.

The China pony has probably the toughest life of any cavalry charger in the world. His feed, when he gets it at all, is rice straw plus whatever he can pick up from the devastated country side. He must carry a soldier with rifle, pack, and extra ammunition—a dead weight of at least 180 pounds. His saddle is apt to be wooden and often improperly blanketed, and his bridle rusty and sharp. Despite these handicaps he can march thirty miles a day for an incredible number of days and be worn to a virtual skeleton before he finally goes down for the last time.

Chinese soldiers as a whole seem to have very little feeling for their horses, with the possible exception of the Mohammedan cavalymen of the Ninghsia war lord, Ma Hung-Kwei. General Ma is proud of his mounted divisions and makes every trooper personally responsible for his mount. A good deal of Arab blood has been introduced into the Ninghsia horses and some of them are remarkably fine looking animals. They are shod with flat light shoes that can be adjusted by the trooper himself.

Riding for pleasure has declined a great deal since the beginning of the present crisis, but the Shanghai Polo Club still manages to put two teams into the field on Sunday afternoon. Judge Alman, the well known lawyer, and Charlie Sprague of the Standard Oil company have made valiant efforts to keep it going and have so far succeeded. There are even rumors that the Shanghai paper chases will be run this winter if the city holds out.

I had the pleasure of riding in these paper chases back in 1936 and have fearful memories of the hazards. They are held in the Hungjao section of Shanghai which is a flat farming country intersected by numerous irrigation ditches. The ditches are in many cases too wide for a China pony to jump so one must use the bridges. These are narrow stone affairs with a forty per cent grade up, another down, and no railings. The ponies are shod flat and if there is the slightest bit of moisture on the bridges they slide both ways. Down below lies a green slimy pool with steep banks, and, watching with anticipation on either side of the bridge, are a dozen grinning peasants. The cost of being pulled out was astronomical and that was one situation where one did not bargain with the Asiatic.

Here in Nanking there is a large stable of former Japanese horses maintained by the Officers Moral Endeavor Association. Jovial General Huang, president of the Association, believes that riding is good for officers whether cavalymen or not and anyone can hire his mounts. They are a defeated lot in more ways than one but I managed to find several exceptions, mainly because these particular horses were reputed to have bad manners and rear. I then arranged to have them fed properly and discovered to my pleasure that they were thoroughly good rides.

Riding outside the city is somewhat circumscribed now due to the prevalence of roaming communist

bands, but Purple Mountain, the burial place of the first Ming Emperor and Sun Yat Sen, is still within the guarded perimeter and makes a very pleasant trip.

One rides through the city to the great wall and out through massive stone gates built by the first Ming. About a mile outside one passes under a pylon with an inscription carved on it to the effect that all officials must dismount and lead their horses into the city. The country is flat valley till one comes to the beginning of the Purple Mountain range, where the land rolls gently upward to the base of the mountain. Here are the tombs and some beautifully carved statues including a series of granite dogs, horses, and elephants arranged in an approach to the Ming Tomb. Local legend has it that if one can throw a stone on top of the stone elephant and the stone remains there one will have a son. My stone stuck.

Above the tombs one climbs a narrow path to the summit and all of Nanking lies spread below with the Yangtze River a thin grey line beyond. The city, an airport, and a considerable amount of farming land is enclosed by the Ming Walls, so that theoretically it would be a hard place to take by direct assault. Actually however the surrounding mountains and the hills along the Yangtze dominate it completely and a good artillery man could drop a shell anywhere he pleased.

One evening as I rode back in the twilight I stopped at a little Buddhist monastery for green tea and cakes. The old monk is charge strangely enough spoke some French and told me that before the first world war a group of Englishmen from one of the river cruisers had staged a steeplechase along the base of the mountain. A lot of them fell down and everyone had a grand time, including the Chinese boys who caught their horses.

### Ireland's Horse Fair

Continued from Page Ten

It is just a horse fair. Unlike most Irish fairs that are held monthly, Kilgolagh is held on only two days in the year; namely, November 27th and January 17th.

It is a half-mile stretch of narrow country road, with five or six thatched houses scattered along its length. The kitchen of one of these houses is converted into a bar each fair day, and needless to say high-sounding cocktails are neither procurable nor in demand on such occasions.

There is no doubt that the horse fair is one of the most dangerous in the Irish almanac. Nerves need to be as steady as a rock, and wits and limbs nimble in the extreme. The road is very narrow, and, as horses are lined along both sides of it with heads to either ditch, purchasers are compelled to transact business in a narrow aisle of horses' tails. I feel sure it would be a veritable nightmare, to anyone unfamiliar with horses, to walk through that half-mile of horseflesh, even if the horseflesh were behaving itself. But when in this confined space, animals are jogged and galloped to show their paces, whips and sticks are brandished at them, other horses take fright, old rogues kick, youngsters wrangle, and the air is on fire with yells of "Hi! Hi!" and "Look out!"—then Kilgolagh is no place for the chicken-hearted.

The toll collection is a most unusual and interesting ritual; I know of no other horse fair or cattle fair in Ireland that has anything quite the same. Unsold horses are exempt, but all others must have their toll discharged before they are allowed to leave the fair. Sixpence per head is collected as they leave, and a group of hefty-looking, ash-plant-armed stalwarts ensure that it will be collected. Their presence usually ensures prompt payment, but, if there is any attempt to dispute it,

they receive full support from the police.

As the owner approaches with his horse, they challenge him:

"Did you buy or sell, sir?"

"I did neither."

"Is that the horse you brought in this morning?"

"It is."

"Are you sure of that?"

"God's truth."

"Well, go over and hit the board!"

There is a square of board propped against the ditch at the roadside. It could be either an old half-door or the end of a packing case. The owner of the unsold horse is supposed to go over to it and give it a wallop with his ash-plant. He is then allowed to leave the fair and he escapes the toll.

Whatever is the origin of this old custom of "hitting the board" the present ritual is apparently a survival of some form of ancient oath. To me it seems rather analogous to placing one's hand on the Bible in a court of law. Long ago some form of oath or the laws of the toll gate may have been inscribed on tablet at the place of collection, and, as the vast majority of the people were then illiterate, they probably laid their hands on this tablet as a gesture of good faith when making a statement. I have never encountered this quaint custom of hitting the board in any other horse fair in Ireland.

After sundown, unsold horses are allowed to return to the village of Finnea, and the few stragglers, buyers and sellers, may conduct their belated business without let or hindrance.

Earlier I mentioned a humorous story concerning the statue of Myles the Slasher. I do not wish in any way to belittle the inhabitants of the village, but I cannot resist the story, because of its pungent wit.

An itinerant melodeon-player visited Finnea. He may have been the world's worst melodeon-player or he may have missed meeting all his best clients, but at any rate, when he had tortured the village with his entire repertoire, his sole earnings

## Illinois Board Announces Dates For 1949 Racing

Dates for the 1949 racing season in Illinois were announced last week by the Illinois Racing Board. They provide for a total of 163 days and are practically the same as in 1948 with respect to the periods of operation by the five tracks. The meetings are to be as follows:

Sportsman's Park (spring), April 30—May 14 (13 days).

Lincoln Fields, May 16—June 18 (30 days).

Arlington Park, June 20—July 30 (36 days).

Washington Park, August 1—Sept. 5 (31 days).

Hawthorne, September 6—October 15 (35 days).

Sportsman's Park, October 17—November 5 (18 days).

Governor-elect Adlai E. Stevenson is to be inaugurated on Jan. 10. His appointment of a new racing board is anticipated shortly thereafter.

—F. B.

were a few coppers.

In abject disgust, he gazed up at the statue of Myles the Slasher: Myles, who had died so gallantly on the Bridge of Finnea.

"Well, God help you, Myles!" said he; "it must have been from starvation you died!"

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## Thoroughbred Breeding In Illinois

**Revival of Interest In Recent Years;  
Outstanding Number of Resident Owners;  
New Stallions Being Brought To State**

Frank E. Butzow

The Stallion Roster which The Chronicle published as a supplement to its December 10 issue raised much favorable comment among horsemen out here in the midlands who had an opportunity to see it. It also occasioned some regrets among (1) persons who have neglected to become regular subscribers for the paper and (2) stud owners who failed to avail themselves of the chance to list their stallions in this publication. Thus does procrastination breed regret.

Perusal of the Illinois section indicates that D. E. Jordan, the hustling secretary of the Illinois Thoroughbred Breeders Association, was on the beam in reporting stallions owned by members of his organization. It appears that all those listed from the Prairie State belong to members of the breeders' organization. Quite a number owned by non-members are not on the list, presumably through nobody's fault but their owners'.

Publication of the roster came simultaneously with what probably was a rather premature "break" in some stud news in Illinois. Details are not yet of a privileged nature but it may be stated that negotiations for the transfer of two prominent stallions to Illinois are in the progressive stage. The 1949 bookings to these horses are among the current complications.

One of the transactions involves the formation of a syndicate to purchase one of the horses. In the other case a wealthy owner, who wants no part of a syndicate, is negotiating on his own account for another stallion.

Illinois sometimes is described as a state in which nothing actually is typical because of the wide variety of her industries, commerce, agriculture, etc. Thoroughbred breeding long was neglected here, but Illinois has a rather proud history in the production of Thoroughbreds. Recent years have brought a considerable revival.

The most famous Thoroughbred ever foaled in Illinois was the immortal broodmare, Marian. Bruce Lowe called her "the greatest mare in the American Stud Book." The late W. S. Vosburgh referred to her as "the mother of the Gracchi." She was a daughter of Malcomb, whose sire \*Bonnie Scotland, stood in Illinois before he went to Tennessee. Marian's brood included Emperor of Norfolk, Duchess of Norfolk, El Rio Rey, The Czar, Rey del Reyes, Yo Tambien.

\*Billet, Aristides (winner of the first Kentucky Derby in 1875), General Duke (winner of the Belmont in 1868) stood in Illinois. In later years came Chatterton (leader of the American sire list in 1932) and Reigh Count. During the Civil War Illinois gave refuge to the mighty Lexington whose owner, R. A. Alexander, sent the great stallion here for protection against theft or destruction in Kentucky.

Chicago was one of the great horse markets of the world, Illinois one of the leading states in production of horses of all breeds. Almost 100 years ago the census of 1850 gave the horse population of Illinois as 267,653. It also listed 76,156 "working oxen" and 10,573 mules. Ninety years later, in 1940 when the motor age had arrived, there were 558,847 horses on 162,433 Illinois farms.

Few states have as many resident owners of Thoroughbreds as Illinois. Some years ago it was estimated from Jockey Club registrations and Department of Agriculture statistics that 3,325 Thoroughbreds were owned by residents of Illinois. Many Illinois owners, of course, do no breeding, while others among the more wealthy or prominent carry on their breeding activities in other states, principally in Kentucky. But many others, both large and small, are conducting their operations in their home state.

It will be impossible here to describe or even to list any great number of Illinois breeding farms, although something in the nature of a survey may be attempted at a later date. However, a few may be mentioned now.

One of the most successful of Illinois breeders whose stallions were listed in the roster is John D. Mikel, of Carlock. He has the sires Hypocrite, 1937, and Hygoby, 1939, and to these will add during the coming season the Argentine-bred \*Hachazo, 1941 (Congreve-Hache) whose picture appeared in The Chronicle on Dec. 10.

Hypocrite, (\*Wrack-Pretense, by \*Snob II) won the Survivor Stakes, Bowie Handicap, etc., and is sire of the good 3-year-old Hypostyle, who added the Raptan Purse at Tropical Park last week to his impressive string of victories.

Hygoby, (Hygro-Elanbee, by Golden Broom) was first used to sire quarter-horses in Texas. His first registered Thoroughbred "crop" came to the races as a 3-year-old in 1947. This was the fast colt Hot And High, winner of 10 of his 23 starts that year. Mr. Mikel is no novice in the horse game. He was America's leading trainer in number of winners in 1931. His father, the late W. A. Mikel, was a veteran horseman.

Every section of Illinois has its Thoroughbred farms, some large and well appointed, others small. The production of horses ranges all the way from a principal business to a side-line or hobby.

In Southern Illinois are such representative breeders as John Stelle, former governor; Clyde Troutt, prominent trainer; S. E. Pershall, wholesale grocer, at whose Edwardsville farm stands On Quest, (\*Sir Gallahad III-\*Winsome Way), half-brother to Forever Yours; D. E. Wood, who has Busy K (Busy American-Babe K.), winner of the Bryan & O'Hara, Yonkers and Christmas Handicaps.

Mr. Mikel, State Senator Simon E. Lantz, one of the world's largest breeders of Angus cattle; Glen Gorbet, well known trainer, who has Sales Talk, (Stimulus-Light Eagle); H. R. Tyner, Walter W. Starr, and Percy James are among the Central Illinois breeders. Mr. Tyner has the stallions Delray, (Reigh Count-Caldera) and Psychial, (Psychic Bid-Queen Mary); Mr. Starr's stallion is Harkim (Stimulus-Risky Gal) and Mr. James has Garden Message, (Messenger-Garden Rose) and Mountain Range, (Equipoise-Edelweiss).

Northern Illinois has seen the most rapid development of Thoroughbred farms. Among the older established places are Emil Dene-mark's farm where \*Raphael II (Rodosto-Philomela) heads the stud, M. A. Kern's Lexington Fields, where Bottom Step, (Blue Larkspur-Bit o'Love), full brother to Boysy stands, and M. M. Well's Kendale Farm, home of the late Almadel.

Newer establishments include Leonard Florsheim's Red Top Farm, Paul Serdar's Locust Lawn; John J. Phillips' Hinsdale; Dan Rice's Danada Farm and E. H. McMahon's Greenview. With Douglas Davis as mentor, Florsheim is building up a band of select mares. Serdar has the former Whitney racer, Parasang, (Halcyon-\*Eastern Pageant) and Count Domino, (Reigh Count-Stricken). Phillips' stallion is Gold Teddy, (\*Teddy-Mistress Grier). Rice also owns a part of the former Idle Hour (E. R. Bradley) in Kentucky and is part-owner of Requested, At Danada Farm in Illinois he stands Son of Chance, (Chance Play-Lady Peace), half-brother to Miss Keeneland and Son of Peace.

McMahon calls his Greenview Farm "the biggest little horse farm in the world." It consists of six acres, is just outside the Chicago city limits, so close to the Tam O'Shanter golf links his horses al-

## Florida Racing

Continued from Page Nine

or a dozen years ago the then mayor of Chicago, Ed Kelley, attempted to legalize bookmaking with the result that the bookmakers spent thousands of dollars to defeat the bill. The 6,000 or more handbooks for which that city is infamous were content to go along without legal recognition; in fact, preferred to be without it.

As the result of Edwards' suggestion, the Miami Daily News assigned one of its reporters, Milton Sosin, formerly of the Associated Press South American staff, to write an expose of the race wire serving bookmakers and its shadowy owners in the gangworld. Hialeah Park has made arrangements to print the expose in pamphlet form and to circularize the counties in northern Florida where voters might be tempted to vote in favor of legalized bookmaking in order to increase the states revenue from racing.

While that about brings you up to date on the racing situation, its family squabbles and political news, it doesn't leave much space for a discussion of the actual sport. Whatever interest was concentrated in the racing itself was concerned with the success of the unbeaten South American importation, Marchons 2nd owned by Fred Hammer of New York.

The South American is a flashy chestnut son of Medicis and Careless Nun, she by Abbott's Trace, who was bred by Antonio Santamarina and arrived in this country late last summer. In four starts in this

most have to dodge slices. His stallion is Sedgemoor, (\*Blenheim II-Ladana), half-brother to Lady Lark, the dam of Twilight Tear. His operation is amazing. He has a number of mares of his own, takes in boarders, breaks yearlings. Last spring a trainer who had seven horses with Mickey all winter won with six of them 13 days after he took them up. McMahon also has (at last count) 23 Chihuahua dogs.

country, consisting of claiming, allowance and handicap assignments. \*Marchons 2nd is unbeaten. Naturally, his victory in the Governor Caldwell, a 1 1-16 mile event in which he carried 105 pounds and met horses of the caliber of Rampart, Frere Jacques, Bug Juice, etc., is his most important score to date.

Willie (Smokey) Saunders, who won the Derby on Omaha, has piloted him in all of his starts to date, and he had him a length in advance of Bug Juice at the end of the Caldwell while riding him out to complete the distance in 1:44. Time, incidentally, which didn't compare very favorably with the 1:09 4-5 six furlongs, the fastest of the meeting which W. Julian Walden's Circus Clown turned in to win the Black River Purse which was run just prior to the Governor Caldwell. Whereas the fractional times for Circus Clown's victory were :22 1-5 and :45 for his 1:09 4-5 effort; the fractions of \*Marchons 2nd's race were :23 2-5, :47 2-5, 1:12 and 1:37 2-5. The South American came off the pace established by the Marlet Stable's Realton, who finished third while Circus Clown earned his victory with a front running effort.

Not much is known about \*Marchons 2nd except that he raced in the Argentine and that prior to starting at Tropical Park, he raced in Jamaica. From his effort in the Caldwell he shaped up as the kind of a horse that will mean as much to the Florida campaign this year as those other South Americans, \*Rico Monte and \*Miss Grillo, did in 1947 and \*Colossal in 1948.

Circus Clown, who is a three-year-old son of Tiger-Basquine, is a sprinter who was capable enough to have whipped such a speedster as Rippey in the Pageant Handicap at Atlantic City last summer. The Tiger colt, bright bay with plenty of bone and substance, carried 122 pounds in the Black River and toted that package as though it were no great burden. If he continues to run as he did in, the Black River and a suspicious looking left rear ankle holds up, he will be an interesting addition to the ranks of the sprinters campaigning in Florida this winter.

## AT STUD \*ENDEAVOUR II

### Breeding

\*ENDEAVOUR II goes back on his dam's side to the same Domino in-breeding which produced High Time, Dominant and Bubbling Over. His grandam, Mystify produced the good classic winners Pert Maid and Paramount while her dam Dominos, produced Dominant by Delhi, by Ben Brush, Hippodrome, sire of the 2nd dam of Bubbling Over.

### Speed and Stamina

At 3 and 4 in Argentina, \*ENDEAVOUR II was in the money 15 out of 17 starts, defeating \*Rico Monte and \*Talon. At 5, he was undefeated and champion handicap horse of the year. In the U. S. he has defeated \*Shannon II, and he won the Whopper Purse defeating Coincidence.

FEE: \$750

### STEPENFETCHIT

Ch. h., 1929, by The Porter—\*Sobranjo, by Polymelus.

Is a stakes winner and sire of stakes winners Bullet Proof and Singing Step, and many other winners.

FEE: \$300

### BONNE NUIT

Gr. h., 1934, by Royal Canopy—\*Bonne Cause, by Bonfire.

BONNE NUIT is the sire of seven blue ribbon winners during the 1948 show season. He has also sired good point-to-point and flat race horses.

FEE: \$150

### NIGHT LARK

Gr. h., 1939, by Bonne Nuit—\*Poulette, by \*Coq Gau/lois.

Defeated stallions of every breed at the California Grand National Horse Show and with limited opportunity has sired some outstanding individuals. Sire of winner of lead-in class at Devon Horse Show.

FEE: \$50

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## Thanksgiving Day With Pickering Hunt

(Photos courtesy The Evening Bulletin)



The Pickering Hunt met at St. Peter's Church in The Great Valley on Thanksgiving Day and services were held in honor of the landowners who permit the hunt to ride over their country. The occasion took place on top of a high hill overlooking The Great Valley, right close to St. Peter's Church which dates from 1790. Including the Field, there were about 200 persons present. Dr. J. Jarden Guenther, the minister, appeared in his clerical regalia, accompanied by two members of the choir, one of them carrying a Cross.



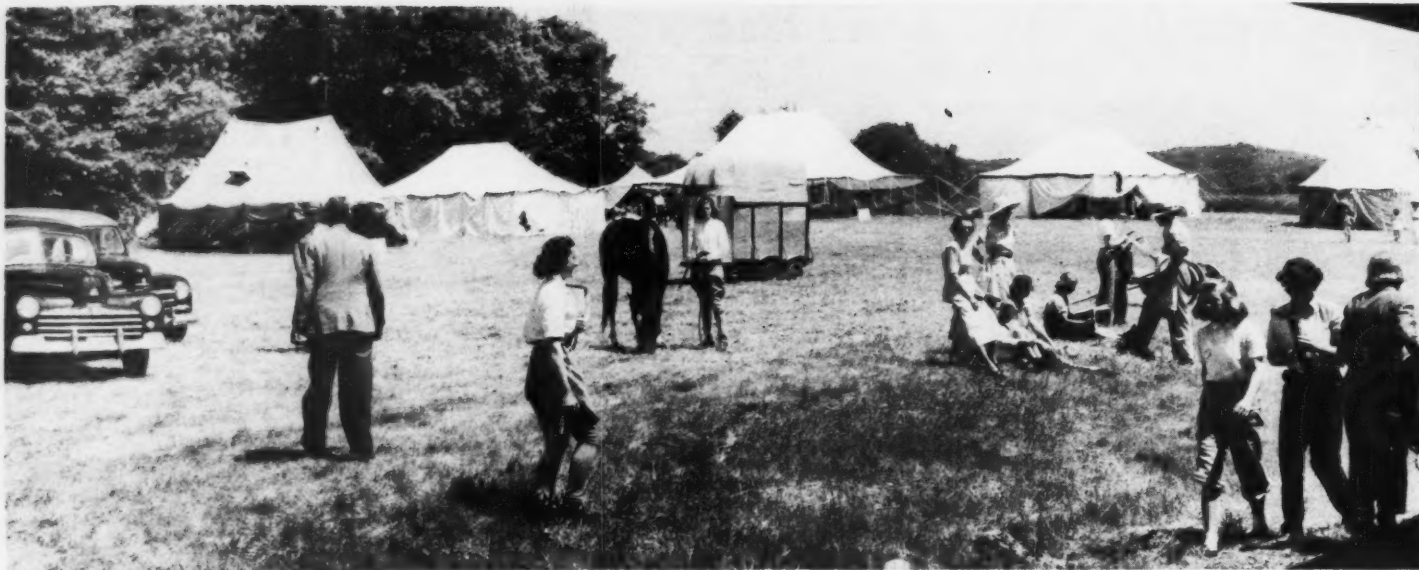
Master William J. Clothier chats with Dr. J. Jarden Guenther before the hunt moves off.



Mrs. William J. Clothier, wife of the M. F. H., and Dr. Guenther at the Thanksgiving Day Services.



The Pickering Hunt Club Pack with Huntsman Eddie Mooney. At the end of the services, one hound gave one expression of tongue in approval. This aroused a merry comment to a happy ending of a most eventful occasion.



A gypsy-like encampment grew overnight at the Seigniory Club horse show grounds north of the village of Montebello. Children taking part in the first inter city equestrian rally lived in tents for the three days of the rally. They looked after their horses, attended to the grooming and tack and took part in various classes designed to test their horsemanship. (Photos Courtesy Seigniory Club)

## Canadian Pony Clubs

### First Pony Club Organized In Canada 15 Years Ago; Ottawa Holds Rally For Competition With Toronto and Montreal

Barbara May

There is general concern amongst parents these days over the influence of radio, movies and comics on the young fry. As a counter-attraction, what could be better than a good, healthy interest in riding and horses?

Children in the country have the edge over city youngsters in this respect, and, heretofore, it has always been considered necessary for parents to be fairly well off financially before there could be any thought of riding lessons for the young members of the family.

Pony Clubs solve the answer to this problem. Here, children obtain lessons in stable management, grooming, the anatomy of the horse as well as instruction in riding from experienced adults, whose services are voluntary. Annual fees are so negligible that riding lessons for the kids may be fitted into any budget. And, competitive rallies throughout the year offer an ideal opportunity for youngsters from various centers to share a common interest in horses.

England is the original home of the Pony Club, where there are thousands dotted throughout the countryside. Rules and regulations are strict. Due to climatic conditions, the cost of keeping a pony is small, as they may be kept outside for almost the entire year. In England, the words "Pony Club" mean what they say, for ponies are the rule

rather than the exception, and most English children don't start riding a horse until they are in their late teens.

Fifteen years ago, the first Pony Club was organized in Canada when the Eglinton Pony Club, Toronto, came into being. It carried on without competition until September, 1947, when a similar club was started in Ottawa, Canada's Capital City. Both clubs are affiliated with the English Pony Clubs and adhere to their rules. Another enthusiastic bunch of youngsters receive instruction under the Horsemanship Club of Montreal, but, to date, this club is unaffiliated with the Pony Clubs of England.

Early in the Spring, Ottawa challenged Toronto and Montreal to compete at a rally, which was held at the Seigniory Club, Montebello, late in June. Through the courtesy of Seigniory Club officials, the rally was held on the beautiful horse show grounds, situated on the high ground north of the picturesque French-Canadian village of Montebello, and backed by the Laurentian Mountains.

All competitors lived in tents, and meals were served in a large mess tent. Horses were comfortably installed in the Club stables. The St. John's Ambulance Brigade volunteered their services, in case of possible accidents to the children, and Dr. D. R. Cherry, V. S. C., of Ottawa,

kindly donated his services throughout the rally, in case of injuries to the horses.

Teams of twelve were chosen from each Club, in "A", "B" and "C" groups, with an age limit of sixteen years. In addition, each team sent two scorers and a captain. Mrs. D. G. Rockwell captained the Toronto team, while Mrs. T. G. Mayburry and Mrs. H. C. Linkletter, directors of the Ottawa Pony Club, assisted Miss Josephine Hadley, the team captain. Miss Barbara Kemp, Montreal Captain, had as her assistant, Mrs. A. T. Paterson. Major-General C. C. Mahn acted as Ringmaster, with Stuart Large of Toronto as Assistant Ring Master. The judges were Miss Audrey Guy and Miss Suzanne Foulkes, Pony Club officials from England, and Colonel A. T. Paterson, well-known Montreal horseman.

"Reveille" was sounded each day at six a. m. and the grounds hummed with activity from then until "Lights Out" at 9:30. Each child was entirely responsible for the care of the horse and tack and, in addition to daily inspections by the judges, were stiffly marked on neatness

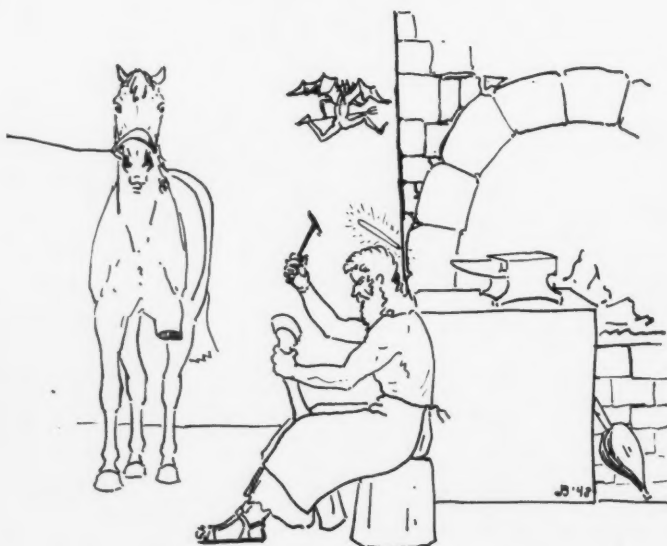
of equipment, stabling and grooming by the scorers of the other teams.

Children judged each others' horses in a judging competition and displayed their horsemanship in various jumping events and a cross-country race, while the best riders in the "A", "B" and "C" groups were picked in competitions for each class. Knowledge of horsemanship was displayed in a quiz contest and a bandaging competition.

The honours were pretty evenly divided, with Montreal winning the cup for the best team, Toronto scoring with the best individual rider, and Ottawa carrying off the trophies for the quiz contest and the child with the best-groomed horse and cleanest tack.

All competitors and officials agreed that the rally had been well worth the effort involved, and eagerly look forward to competing again next year. Since the rally, several new Pony Clubs have sprung up in Western Ontario, and it is hoped that the idea will catch on sufficiently in the United States to warrant an International Pony Club Rally in the not distant future.

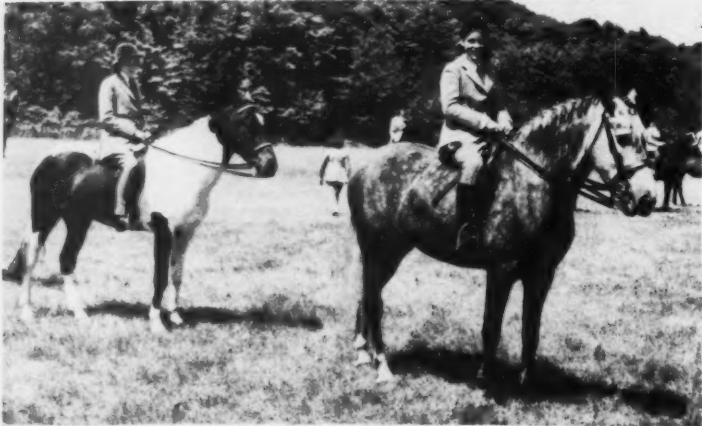
## CHRONICLE, QUIZ



WHAT DID THE FOLLOWING HAVE IN COMMON: VULCAN, ST. CLEMENT, ST. ELROY?

1. (See drawing).
2. What is the meaning of "ware havoc"?
3. What is meant by sharp shod?
4. What is the connection between Pinerolo and horses?
5. What is a totalizator?
6. Are any kind of spurs permissible in Polo?

(Answers on Page 26)



Miss Heather MacLean on Trigger and Miss Judy Morrow and Lady Grey lined up for the photographer while waiting to take their places in the C grade riding competition.









## Storm In The West

### Hard Luck Has Dogged Calumet Color-Bearers In Three Invasions Of Gold Mines In Western Racing

Frank Talmadge Phelps

"That won't affect our plans at all," Plain Ben Jones said. "It could have happened anywhere."

The general manager of Calumet Farm was speaking of the osselet which will put Citation out of action for at least two months and perhaps until spring. He was denying the rumor that Citation's Western venture would be the last time a representative of America's leading stable would go to California.

The rumor had some logical reasoning behind it. The current Calumet star is the third of Warren Wright's performers to encounter trouble on the West Coast.

Whirlaway was the first bearer of Calumet's devil's red and blue silks to attain national renown. The Triple Crown winner and best horse of 1941 and 1942 was also the first to follow Horace Greeley's admonition, "Go West, young man."

Like many others before and since, he was attracted by the golden glitter of the rich stakes staged in the land of sunshine and palm trees. But he had barely arrived on the scene of action when the war-time racing ban clamped down. So "Mr. Longtail" never even got to the post in California.

Twilight Tear, the outstanding performer of 1944, was the second Wright standard-bearer of major stature. But that daughter of Bull Lea confined her activities to the triangle marked out by Washington Park, Tropical and Belmont.

Armed was the next important development to emerge from the rolling green pastures of Calumet. He came into prominence in 1945, and the following year became the best handicap racer of the season and the top money-winning gelding in the world.

It was natural, therefore, that Armed should turn his eyes westward, with the \$100,000-added Santa Anita Handicap as the main attraction. When he took his first four 1947 starts at Hialeah, a decision was made. Three days after the "golden gelding" had trounced \*Talon and Lets Dance in the Widener, he arrived by plane in California. Four days later he went out for the Arcadia track's big handicap.

Armed ran fifth as \*Olhaverly captured the winner's \$93,900 share. Trainer Jimmy Jones, who had accompanied his charge to California, commented succinctly: "He was just outrun."

The truth seems obvious: Armed prefers to do his flying by means of his own feet on the firm surface of a race course, rather than through the air by means of aerodynamics. Brought back to Florida, he won his next start, the Gulfstream Park Handicap, in track-record time. That was a full three weeks after the Santa Anita fiasco.

To prove that his Western failure was a fluke, he never ran unplaced again in 1947. His victories included the Stars and Stripes, Arlington and Washington Park Handicaps, Whirlaway Stakes, Special (match with Assault) and Sysonby Mile. He finished the season with "horse of the year" honors.

But Warren Wright, Ben and Jimmy Jones are sensible men. They don't believe in jinxes, omens and such superstitious stuff.

When Citation came along, therefore, they once again looked westward. The Calumet champion already had a string of broken jinxes to his credit. He smashed two by sloshing home in the Derby; no previous winner of the Belmont Futurity or the Derby Trial had done that.

Moreover, there were two good reasons for sending Citation to California. In the first place there was hard cash. The outstanding racer of 1948, following his Pimlico Special walkover, was only \$189,750 shy of the \$1,000,000 mark. He could reach that goal most quickly in the Golden State. In particular he was aiming at the Santa Anita Handicap, which carries a \$100,000 guarantee to the winner in 1949. The Santa Anita

Maturity also bears a \$100,000-added price tag.

The second reason for Citation's Western trek, and one of no less importance in Mr. Wright's mind, was a matter of prestige and sportsmanship. In California was \*Shannon II, the only horse on the continent capable of seriously challenging Citation's supremacy. Since Neil S. McCarthy, an enthusiastic supporter of racing in his home state, would not send his Australian-bred East, Calumet borrowed a leaf from the story of Mohammed and the mountain.

So Citation went West. The experiences—the "portents", if you will—of Whirlaway's and Armed's misfortunes were ignored. But Jimmy Jones did profit from one lesson he had learned the previous year. Mindful of Armed's ill-fated flight, he sent Citation by train.

From the start things did not go well. The Calumet colt got very little sleep on the journey to the West Coast. That may seem a trivial detail, but not to Jimmy. It's the "little things" that frequently make the difference of a nose on the post. And in Jimmy's book plenty of sleep is one of the most important of these "little things". Citation probably got a thorough tongue-lashing for his restlessness on the train.

Hardly had he arrived when more bad news came. The weights for the Tanforan Handicap were announced: \*Shannon II 127, Citation 123. Neil McCarthy took one look; charged "unfair"; withdrew the Australian from all future racing and sold him for \$300,000 to a breeding syndicate headed by Leslie Combs II.

According to the scale \*Shannon II would have been receiving two pounds from Citation. Among ordinary horses this would not seem an "unfair" apportionment nor indicate that, as Mr. Combs charged, his purchase had been "weighted out". But Citation is no ordinary horse.

Moreover, Mr. McCarthy pointed out that many experienced horsemen, including the late Col. E. R. Bradley, believe that the weight scale fails to reflect the decided peak which good Thoroughbreds reach near the close of their 3-year-old season.

"I owe something to him," Mr. McCarthy stated, referring to the Australian; "I am not going to have him humiliated."

It is difficult to understand how \*Shannon II would have been "humiliated," even if he had not won. To be second to Citation is almost as much of an honor as to capture many a stakes event. Mr. Combs, expressing his personal opinion, may have come close to the heart of the matter when he remarked:

"I wouldn't want to run \*Shannon II against Citation in any kind of race."

In view of the \$300,000 invested in the son of Midstream, no one can blame him. The whole incident is an even more remarkable tribute to the Calumet champion than the fact that all eligible contenders declined to take issue with him in the Pimlico Special.

Nonetheless one of the main reasons for Citation's California trip was eliminated. The financial one still remained, however; and things began to go more smoothly, at least on the surface.

The Wright colt galloped home in a \$5,000 purse as a warm-up for the \$50,000-added Tanforan Handicap, the contest in which he had been scheduled to meet \*Shannon II. He covered the muddy six furlongs in 1:12 flat but gained little glory by this victory, for the greatest claim to fame of most of the field was that they had been allowed to run in his wake. Apprentice Gordon Glisson, aboard last-place M'Dearsy, contributed his bit to Citationana by wondering aloud:

"Where did he go?"

As if the honors he had already received were not enough, Citation gained two more. He was rated, all by himself, the fourth biggest sports story of 1948 by the United Press. And a Hollywood sculptor, Yucca

Salamunich, named him as possessing two of the eight "most beautiful pairs of legs." No comment from Jimmy Jones on that one.

Jimmy was more interested in the Tanforan, which was to be the Calumet champion's fourth handicap performance. He had acquired the Seminole and Everglades Handicaps in February; but his only handicap effort after he had proved his greatness beyond dispute was the Stars and Stripes at Arlington in July. Then he had not looked quite the world-beater he usually does.

Despite the chill overcast weather, a record-breaking crowd of 24,809 was on hand to watch the Tanforan. There were also "six Thoroughbreds and Citation," as Joe Hernandez phrased it, properly putting the Calumet colt in a class by himself. Citation was giving six to sixteen pounds dead weight to every other horse in the field.

On Trust, Citation's most serious rival after \*Shannon II was declared out, had been withdrawn the day before. That left the burden of opposing the champ on the capable but inadequate shoulders of See-Te-See and Stepfather.

Citation was first out of the gate, but Tropical Sea went with him and got his nose in front on the first turn. That finished Tropical Sea, however, and for all practical purposes finished the race as well. First See-Te-See and then Stepfather tried to reach the devil's red worn by Eddie Arcaro, and fell back defeated.

The Calumet colt went under the wire five lengths to the good in what looked from the stands like a cakewalk. Over a track not entirely dried after recent rains, the time for the 1¼ miles was 2:02 4/5, a new track record. There was a minus pool of \$10,460.64, of which \$9,246.18 occurred in the show pool.

But one thing was puzzling: Why did Eddie tap his mount four times with the whip? Eddie explained after the race:

"I was frankly disappointed. He should have breezed, I thought, but he didn't appear to like the cuppy track. . . . He's normally a more cheerful running horse, but today I had to force him to do everything."

Apparently no one paid any attention to Eddie. Preparations for shipping Citation downstate to Santa Anita went forward. But Eddie is no green hand around a horse.

On the day before the Calumet colt was to be shipped, a "hot spot" developed on his left foreleg. Jimmy Jones hastened to assure all and sundry that it was a minor injury and that the horse could run again in a week, if necessary. But meanwhile plans were being made for sending Citation to Florida to join the main division of the stable and rest until spring. And Jimmy was vague—in public—about the nature of the ailment.

So wild rumors began floating around. It was that Citation had broken down, that he would never race again. There was no more truth in that story than in most such gossip. After much cross-continent telephoning between Jimmy, General Manager Ben and Mr. Wright in Florida, and the Calumet home base at Lexington, Ky., things were finally gotten straight.

Citation is suffering from an osselet, a bony growth on the ankle caused presumably by the concussion resulting from retention of the flexor tendons. It is a painful injury and may be serious without proper care. A similar ailment put Assault out of commission in February.

Firing and rest will almost invariably effect a cure, and the patient can return to campaigning as good as ever in six to ten weeks. Dr. Arthur H. Davidson, a firing-iron expert with the Lexington veterinary firm of Hagyard and Hagyard, will go to Florida to treat Citation, who should be back in action, it all goes well, by mid-February.

Ben and Jimmy Jones and Mr. Wright have taken a sensible and sportsmanlike attitude towards this mishap, just as they did towards those which befell Whirlaway and Armed in California. The part of the country obviously had nothing to do with it. If another occasion to send a future Calumet star West arises, he will go without regard for supposed jinxes.

In the meantime Citation is out of the rich winter features. This will delay but by no means halt his drive

## Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page Nine

a full mile and headed him at the furlong-pole, failing in the final yards. In the Flamingo Citation was not being pushed at all.

The fastest mile and a quarter Citation has run was his American Derby, under 126 pounds. He won by a length from his stablemate, Free America, in 2:01 3-5. Man o'War, in the Travers, beat Upset and John P. Grier in 2:01 4-5, under 129 pounds. He won rather easily, by two and a half lengths.

At a mile and a half, Man o'War set a world record of 2:28 4-5 in the Jockey Club Stakes, which was the distance and the name of the race now run as the Jockey Club Gold Cup. The record was broken by Handy Mandy in 1927 at Latonia, but it remained a track record at Belmont until War Admiral broke it in 1937. It was subsequently chewed down to 2:27 3-5, but that doesn't figure. In the Belmont Stakes of 1948, Citation ran the distance in 2:28 1-5, with 126 pounds up, which is eight more than Man o'War carried in his Jockey Club Stakes.

Man o'War's time for the Lawrence Realization, at a mile and five furlongs, was 2:40 4-5, which remains a world record if you don't count California tracks, as you shouldn't when comparing times. Citation ran this distance in the Gold Cup (that's the name of it; not the Empire Gold Cup or the International Gold Cup just the Gold Cup) in 2:42 4-5, finishing a couple of lengths ahead of Phalanx, and under scale of 119 pounds. Man o'War had 126, and he finished what was mercifully called a hundred lengths in front of Hoodwink, his only opponent.

This counts up to five cases in which Citation made the fastest time, against two for the champion of 1920, if you leave weight out of it. Against this, it should be noted that Man o'War set world records at a mile and three-eighths, a mile and a half, and a mile and five furlongs. Citation hasn't set any world records at all, breaking track records at Garden State Park and Tanforan, and equaling one at Arlington Park. You can take this, or leave it, or merely dally with it.

for the fabulous \$1,000,000 mark.

Those owners who nominated their horses for the Santa Anita pots of gold can now congratulate themselves on their foresight. Without Citation the Maturity and Handicap are both wide-open affairs.

\*Shannon II, however, will not be one of the contenders. Being seven, he was not eligible for the Maturity; but he had been nominated for the Santa Anita Handicap. Citation's withdrawal has not affected his stud plans. Having passed his fertility test successfully, he left California the same day as the Calumet champion. The Australian importation will stand at Leslie Combs II's Spendthrift Farm near Lexington.

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Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, white collar.

December 2

We left Hill Top Farm early to pay our call on Reynard, drew Hunting House Hill, found on a rocky ledge near Ettlinger's pond and hounds had ten minutes of fast driving the length of Hunting House Hill before our wily fellow sought safety in a ledge on Tompkins' farm. We crossed Hardscrabble Road and east hounds in large swamp near Tompkins' barn. As hounds opened up we viewed a large Red streaking over Brady's fields with hounds driving hard, on over Winters' farm and east and south by the road and ridge circling Battery Farm woods, via "Windswept" where 2 doe jumped up in front of hounds. Hounds showed no interest in the deer, keeping their noses to the line to run on to Charles Wallace' woodland where they marked their fox in under a cordwood pile with a convenient earth beneath. We found a 3rd fox on Meadow Lane Farm. Hounds ran fast to Peach Lake over by North Salem and back to the starting point where our chase ended.

December 4

We met at Arigidien with a large field turning out and moved off to find in Dr. Black's meadow. The pack, our best in many seasons for teamwork and staying power, went away with great cry, ran along the old Trolly bed back into New York State, swung left to near the starting point and lost in the road. We picked up as the section we were headed for was full of gunners.

We found our 2nd fox on 8-Bells Farm and after running east to Dongle Ridge this big fox, evidently a visitor to our part of the country, headed back north over the Brewster-Danbury Road near the State line, crossed railroad tracks near Hawes Pond which is a good-sized lake. At the upper end our pilot, bent on giving us a merry chase, ran out on an old fallen tree, took to the water and when we arrived after a fast 5-mile point, hounds were all in the water heading for the far shore and Joe's Hills which we try to avoid. A few blasts on the horn and hounds all turned and swam back to our side of the lake and our visitor was allowed to go on his merry way. Another fox, found near Vail's golf course, marked in after a short run. Our fourth, found in William Bates' meadow, gave us a nice hour's run. For horse and rider this was a very good day, with temperature like early September.

December 11

The better the day the better the Field, and a very good Field turned out for the meet at Mrs. Bulkey's "Dongle Ridge Farm". As we drew the country to the east we viewed 4 deer ambling along on the far side of the swamp where we were about to cast hounds. So we turned left towards Ridgebury and as we entered the north side of Dongle Ridge Farm hounds went away fast on a big red fox and ran north where they lost for a short time but started out hot again in Ross swamp. Crossing Dongle Ridge Road they really raced on to near Brewster-Danbury road. Scent was spotty but we finally marked our fox in under a rocky ledge near Vail's golf course. We drew Star Ridge and Ryder's farm blank but as we were nearing Rock Ridge Hor-

### Brother Alban Goes Hunting; Finds It Greatest of Sports

Editor's Note: Brother Alban used to be an instructor at LaSalle Academy here. One day he strolled down the lane from the top of the hill on Breul's Rock Rest farm; introduced himself; and said he liked horses. He also said he knew nothing about them. The next few minutes were all he needed to prove that statement. However, he said he'd like to learn something about them and thought he'd like to learn to ride. This account is of his first fox hunt, as written to his friend Harold G. Breul.

(The "Coke", Brother Alban refers to is Bruel's Cocaine, winner of many light hunter and ladies' hunter championships. The Helen referred to is Helen B. Caldwell who won the N. E. Junior Horsemanship Championship in 1946.)

Today for me was a great day. I had the occasion to follow the hounds this morning behind a recognized pack.

Since in Troy, I have been riding regularly at a private stable, the horses are owned by a Mr. Boswell, a businessman here. He has shown at Cranston and he has seen and remembered "Coke" in the show.

He has 3 heavyweight hunters which I have been riding regularly. He has a groom who cares for the horses at a stable about 20 minutes walk from the school, so I have been working them regularly and this morning my chance came to hunt behind a pack of hounds.

The other day, he asked me whether I would like to go hunting. I jumped at the chance knowing it would be a great experience and a happy memory.

We started this morning at 6:30. The horses were shipped ahead by truck. We rode by car about 35 miles south of Troy to the foothills of the Berkshires. The Lodge was off the highway nestled in the hills. I was keen for my first sight of them.

As we approached, I saw the master of the hounds in his pink coat trot out with the hounds, 22 of them and two whippers-in, girls also in pink.

We saddled our horses and then the pack and 30 riders started down the trail. I was wild with excitement as the 3 of us started over the hill to get up with the main group of riders.

Most of the riders were dressed formal. One girl rode sidesaddle. I was particularly interested in noting the size of the horses and was pleased to note that the horse I rode, a big black gelding, was the biggest horse in the field.

net, a young bitch new to the pack opened far to our left. We lifted the pack and caught up with her on Mrs. Bloomer's land. This was again a visitor destined to give us our best run of the season. They swept across the golf course and on to Star Ridge where we viewed a big red fox about a half field ahead of a fast driving pack. Our pilot swung left and kept close to the west shore of Peach Lake then back to Rock Ridge and in a series of zigzags by road and hill on across the old Quaker Meeting House lawn, on north and after 1-2 hours hounds marked their fox in, within a mile of the place where we marked our 2nd fox in. This was the kind of day for which a fox hunter is born.

C. H.

At first, I thought I would not jump, going through the gates but I was assured that the horse would take any sizeable fence—just to give him his head.

When we got up with the riders in the open field on the hillside, I was delighted to feel how calm and easy my horse stood. I purposely kept in the rear with the groom and was keen to watch all the tack of the riders, the size of the horses, the riding outfits, the Master as he talked to the hounds, their calls, then taking up the scent by the hounds and we were off.

Just a slow trot down the hillside, good footing, a fine trail, then a sharp turn as all made for the rail, each rider holding back to give another space to clear. I felt a bit anxious as I do not as a rule jump, but I held the horse off to the side and when my turn came, turned him to the right, taking the fence head-on and we cleared it nicely. I enjoyed it and felt assured. The groom mentioned the horse took the jump nicely and just to let him have his head. I recalled all your advice as I rode along—how the rider lends confidence to the horse and I felt grand.

After another clearing, we took a fence, rock on the bottom and 2 rails. We jumped clear and it felt good.

Then, through a wooded area for 2 or 3 miles, a trail like you see in pictures, and every minute I was enjoying it. Through this woods, there was a water jump, a few logs to jump, and now and then you heard hounds in the distance like a familiar voice calling. Also some hounds strayed. They ran along the trail encouraged by the riders to get along with the pack.

Then, a jump, 3 rails high, taken nicely. Then along an open stretch with the hills on either side of us; then down a grade and a jump at the bottom of the hill. I felt fearful and

pulled in the horse once but went back for more run and cleared nicely. My foot came out of the stirrup but all was well.

Then, we rested on a hilltop. The Master called in the hounds. The horses stood quietly and I had another chance to study the whole field.

Now I felt confident and was taking the jumps right up among the leaders. It felt good when 2 horses cleared abreast. Then came one at the end of a clearing. It looked big to me as I held my horse back to take my turn, not starting until the other rider landed on the other side. The rider ahead of me broke the top rail and I felt better as this cut off a foot from the height to be cleared. Through all this the horse was working nicely. He could not have been more quiet if he had been in your ring.

Then, open country as the hounds ran the fox down. The thrill of holding the horse—the jump through the thicket—and all the hounds running around a large field as the fox was run down.

Then the Master coupled hounds in pairs and we backed back through dirt roads in the back woods and hills. On the long ride back, I realized how much I was indebted to you, Harold, for having given me such an opportunity, all your instructions on horses. Here, today, was my chance to call into play all I knew and all I had heard and read. It surely was a great way to top off all the hours I have spent in the saddle.

Back at the lodge, we put the horses in the van and then for a great breakfast at a private home not far distant. As I sat down after a morning so nicely spent, I knew this is truly the greatest of all sports; and I had an experience today that few men have to enjoy.

Your friend  
Brother Alban

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Recognized 1940  
Master: Dr. George C. Saunders.  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Drag.  
Colors: Scarlet, dark blue collar.

## October 10

After a hectic summer of trying to maintain kennels and exercise hounds in spite of the havoc wrought by the Columbia River flood last spring, the hunting season at Columbia Hunt was opened on Sunday, October 10th. Kennels have been made usable, the clubhouse is now in the process of being remodelled, construction of deluxe stables adjacent to the club is nearing completion, and—our island is still a grand country to hunt. M. F. H. George Saunders, the hunt staff and a host of others have worked hard to bring these things about, but special mention should be made of the untiring efforts of the club President, Mr. Paul K. Preston, who not only gave many hours of physical labor but also sponsored numerous plans for meeting financial problems.

On the opening hunt, held on the Sunday following the closing performance of the Pacific International Horse Show, a field of thirteen were out and a grand day it was. Hounds were a bit too eager after their long vacation and the staff encountered considerable difficulty in keeping them at work. However, the last line was laid from Turtle Lake across the Hunter Trials meadow, where every last member of the pack let it be known, but loudly, that he was on the scent, and we all had a stimulating gallop to the far side of the Sand Gate. Most everyone was somewhat done in to start (riders and horses alike) in view of the previous week at the P. I. and so were thankful that the checks were often and the hunt not too long. Mrs. James A. MacGregor was with us for the first time, riding Footwork—a promising filly out of the good mare Footloose. Another green one out for his initial appearance in the hunting field was William Wallingford's Duffy Malone. Duffy, by the way, with only a few months' training by his owner was shown for the first time at the P. I. last month and came through with three ribbons in the hunter division—3rd in the lightweights, 5th in the Thoroughbred class, and 4th in the hunt teams.

## October 31

Hounds went out October 31st but your scribe was visiting in the wild and woolly states of Montana and Idaho, so missed what has been reported to be the best hunt of the season with also the largest field.

## November 14

Five couple hounds went out November 14—the day after the A. H. C. formal hunt ball (Assoc. Hunt Clubs of Oregon) but, sad to say, the staff was honored (?) by a field so small there were scarcely enough members to make up a hunt team! 'Nuff said!

## November 28

Six and a half couple hounds were taken out on the 28th with scenting conditions not too good after a week of heavy rains. It was showering as we set out from the kennels at 9:45 but as usual Carter Boggs wore his immaculate, imported raincoat so it soon let up. Hounds were cast down about the center of the island and found near Mirror Lake, leading us across towards Turtle Lake but turning left instead across the Trials Meadow and on eastward to make a big circle and come back down the Sand Slide, over to the slough and then for a check near Rocky Point. They were a fast, keen lot and gave us some wonderful runs. The going was a bit heavy in spots but seemed much improved since earlier in the season. Back at the clubhouse a surprise dinner was waiting with a story behind it. It seems that a year or so ago one of the females in the pack by name of Bugle was to be given away because of apparent and continued timidity. The Master found her a fine home in Eastern Oregon with a

## Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club

Media, Pennsylvania  
Established 1859  
Recognized 1904

Master: Laurence E. Jones.  
Hounds: American.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, dark-brown collar, with yellow piping.

November has come and gone, and no one regrets it. It is the month when gunners abound. They stand in the fields holding their hunting dogs in leash as we ride by or we meet them lurking in the woods. Of what avail is it to draw a covert knowing that, long before our hounds plunged in, the place had been thoroughly gone over by bird dogs or rabbit hounds. Still, one must not complain. Small game hunting with dog and gun is the sport of many, and how they do enjoy it! A noted American temperance lady, they say, was once lecturing in England to a group of workmen, urging them to give up their beer and ale. Finally a man in the audience arose and said: "Madam, I must confess that I like my beer and ale, but is it not true that you have been married three times?" She admitted that this was so. "Well," he continued, "what I say then is that we all have our hobbies."

The Meet on Saturday, November 11th was at Locksley Mills. The beautiful day, and we have had a great many this Fall, brought out all who hunt regularly with the Rose Tree, among whom were the following: Mrs. Samuel Rhodes, Marion Peake, Barbara DuBarry, William V. Sauter, Luke Mitchell, Peel, Jim and Mary Bentley, Foster Reeve, Joe Wall, Russell Jones, Carol Jones, Russell Jones, Jr., Richie Jones, Ann Cochrane, Alex. Sellers, Louis Robinson, Paul Wendler, Bill Elliot, Pete Copeland, Charlie Ernst, Jim Lamb, Dr. Hunsberger, Nancy Scott, Crawford Twaddell, Otho Lane, Ned Hay, Herbert Wampler, Bob Beattie, Col. Linsey Herkness, Dorothy Simpler and Ike Griest.

"Buck" Heller drew the Locksley Quarry Covert across the railroad tracks. This is a large covert, but by the time the field had moved to the open field south of the woods, the welcome sound of hounds' voices announcing that a fox was afoot was heard. Soon the fox was viewed in the orchard, and then a lone hound who had solved the mystery of the fox's route earlier than his brethren put in an appearance and the fox disappeared running west parallel to the railroad. After a way was found over a wire fence, the field galloped down the road behind the hounds. Turning right, the line led to Proctor's Woods over three log jumps. Running north through this covert, the fox turned right in an open field, and then for some unaccountable reason circled back toward the hounds where he met his fate. Foxes are not always cunning; they, too, make mistakes. Richie Jones, on his Shetland pony, walked off with the brush. Big Cheney Woods and surrounding corn fields were next drawn without results and the hunt finally rode back to Locksley Mills. Here the author made a great mistake. Loading his horse in a trailer he made off for the Club, and of course missed "the hunt of the year," or so it was described to him afterwards. What follows is, therefore, only hearsay evidence, differing in as many details as there were people who described it.

A fox was found in Hoopes' Woods. He turned right toward Middletown Road and then swung down to Baker's. Continuing right, he ran by

rancher who kept her as a pet and also hunted her a bit. This fall she tracked and treed two cougars, enabling the men to make a kill. In appreciation her new master sent down a fine venison roast, which was served to the great satisfaction of all concerned by our loyal refreshment chairman, Mrs. Bert Harris, who said, "I always knew Bugle just needed a little more time to lose her shyness."—L. A. O.

Tom Simmon's place nearly to Pickering Thicket. Jim Bentley says there was a check at Simmon's place due to a bar (wood, iron, brass, who knows). At any rate, he must have turned left, for the next time I heard of him he was high-tailing it through Fitze's meadows in the general direction of Street Road Barrens. From there, he ran through either Jack Jack's or Pinkerton's (the evidence is not conclusive on this point) crossing Middletown Road near Tanguy. Over Temple Hill to Thomas' Thicket and on to Otho Lane's tenant farm, he fled with some seven hunters pushing him hard. Crossing Street Road, he holed in Dallet's Woods.

The day was not ended for any who had followed the hounds for even a part of the time. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Hay had seen to that. At the Club House, was waiting a bountiful breakfast which they had provided for all and sundry. And what, I ask you, is pleasanter than to gather in late afternoon at table with friends who have shared with you the joys and thrills of a hunting day.—Louis N. Robinson.

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## For Sale

## HORSES

Experienced middleweight hunter, bay mare, Thoroughbred, no papers, 16 hands. Now hunting third season with Meadowbrook. Must be sold due to owner going South. This mare is 10 years old, a good jumper, absolutely sound. Will be sold very reasonably to someone who offers a good home. May be seen or hunted by appointment. Call Daisy Hill Farm, Brookville 5-1875, Long Island, N. Y. 12-10-4t pd.

John W. C. Jackson has the following made hunters for sale. Can be seen and tried with hounds by appointment. They are accurately described. Several other horses and ponies all sizes, up to all weights Priced from \$600. to \$3500.

Chestnut gelding, 6 years, 16.1-12 by Blonde Knight, middleweight. Hunted 2 seasons, a good hunter and a horse to see a lot of fun on. An excellent hack.

Brown gelding, 9 years, 16.2, (Irish), top middleweight, a real star performer to hounds and all the manners anyone could desire.

Chestnut gelding, 7 years, 16.2, (Irish), middleweight, hunted one season in Eire and one in USA. A well-mannered hunter and a gay, fast horse, should win post and rail races.

Grey gelding, 10 years, (TB, no papers), 16.2, middleweight. A very quiet, good hunter. Suit any nervous person or young girl and will take care of the most inexperienced rider.

Chestnut gelding, 7 years, 16.0 hands, lightweight blood horse. First season hunter and ideal boy's or girl's hunter or conformation show horse.

For further information, John W. C. Jackson, Brook Valley Stables, Madison, N. J. Phones day, Madison 6-1367-M, evening 6-1616. 1t chg.

Four-year-old broodmare prospect by \*Easton-Reigning Lass by Reigh Count. Out of a winner. Placed at three the only year she raced. Will trade for yearling or 2-year-old or sell. \$1500. Can be seen at Hatto-mar Stock Farm, State Highway No 39, Vincentown, N. J. 1t pd.

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## DOGS

Norwich (Jones) Terriers P. O. Box 96, Upperville, Virginia. 1-9-tf.

Labrador Retrievers. Puppies for sale. Bred for Bench and Field. Mrs. A. A. Baldwin, White Post, Va. 10-10-tf

Skye Terriers, outstanding puppies. Bonnyleigh Kennels, Fair Acres, Greens Farms, Conn. 12-3-6t chg

Dalmatians. Two males, AKC registered. Nine months old, champion parents, innoculated, trained, raised with horses. Wonderful dispositions. A. R. Robson, West Chester, Penna. 1210-tf chg.

German Shepherd puppies by Ch. Dennis of Longworth (26 times best of breed). J. B. Whiting, von Berg und Thal Kennels, Middleburg, Va. 12-24-2t chg

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Break cart in good condition, \$50. Communicate Howard Kellogg, Bryn Mawr, Penna. for information, inspection or photograph. 1t pd.

## Wanted

## HORSES

Two made hunters, 16.2 or over, middle to heavyweight; under 8 years, sound, quiet, some experience in show ring; clean consistent performance; conformation capable of placing in good company. Reply detail and photo. E. M. Jardon, Hickman Mills, Mo. 12-24-2t chg.

## HOUNDS

Four couple fox hounds. Good hunting. Easily managed. Box DJ, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 12-10-8t-chg

## HORSE FOR SALE

Bay hunter, 17.0 hands, 7 years old.  
Hunted two seasons. Price \$500.

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## V. H. S. A. Names Champions

### Many Horses In Final Line Up Also Have Impressive Records In Competition At Horse Shows In The Eastern Circuit

The horse show season is never over until the various associations have held their meetings and pinned their various champions for the year. Following these meetings comes the climax, the awards of the A. H. S. A. annually made in January in New York.

Virginia Horse Shows Assn. held its meeting at the Keswick Club House, Keswick, Va. on Dec. 11 and of the 147 V. H. S. A. members, 33 shows were represented. At the completion of its 2nd year, the association has 52 show members and no doubt next year will show an increase in all memberships.

After the directors had finished their meeting, the delegates and members got together and the meeting was formally begun. Following the usual procedure of reading minutes, hearing the treasurer's report, etc., various changes in V. H. S. A. rules were suggested but they were not passed upon.

With the business part of the schedule handled, Mrs. James C. Hamilton and W. Haggin Perry were re-elected president and vice president respectively but no one was elected to succeed Ian Montgomery as secy-treas.

Mrs. Hamilton announced the high score winners in the various divisions and W. H. Sampson's Hellzapoppin topped the jumpers with 201 points. His Hi Ho Silver, which turned in such a grand performance at The National Horse Show this year to win the touch and out over a very complicated course, was tied for 3rd position behind Springsbury Farm's Up & Going. George Fitzpatrick's personable little grey working hunter-jumper mare, Party Miss, tied with Hi Ho Silver. The 10 high scorers in this division were as follows:

1. Hellzapoppin	201
W. H. Sampson	
2. Up & Going	196
Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Greenhalgh	
3. Hi Ho Silver	180
W. H. Sampson	
3. Party Miss	180
George Fitzpatrick	
4. Reckless	144
Spunky Fisher	
5. Slashes	108
Hi Rock Farm	
6. Altitude	102½
W. C. Viar	
7. Graylark	83
Mr. & Mrs. Gardner Hallman	
8. Golden Boy	82½
Morton W. Smith (now owned by Seven Star Stables)	
9. Hi Jack	75½
W. C. Viar	

There was a complete sweep in the conformation hunter division as owner-ridden Icecapade chalked up the imposing stack of 358½ points for Mrs. Page Jennings. Icecapade was another Virginia horse which made herself heard from at the National Horse Show, particularly in ladies' hunters which she won easily. The 10 leaders among the conformation hunters were:

1. Icecapade	358½
Mrs. Page Jennings	
2. Highlander	150
Mrs. Amory Lawrence	
3. Sun Boss	150
Robert Fairburn	
4. Portmaker	137½
Dr. & Mrs. Alvin I. Kay	
5. Bit O'Silver	126½
Mrs. Amory Carhart (now owned by Mr. & Mrs. W. Haggin Perry)	
6. Petrescu	100
Martin Vogel, Jr.	
7. Erin Beau	100
Springsbury Farm	
8. Flint	97½
Barbara Jo Shipley	
9. Final Answer	94½
Mrs. Ralph T. King	
10. Brandon King	91½
J. North Fletcher	

Mrs. Raymond Barbin showed a chestnut gelding throughout the year in the green hunter division for Robert Fairburn, M. F. H. of Spring Valley Hunt. This gelding, Sun Boss, held his opposition safe and received the trophy with 251 points. Outstanding high scorers were:

1. Sun Boss	251
-------------	-----

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Robert Fairburn	
2. Joseph's Coat	213
Mrs. Gregory McIntosh	
3. Bit O'Silver	150½
Mrs. Amory Carhart	
4. Potato Chip	130
Gloria Galban	
5. Really Rugged	118½
Holiday Hill Farm	
5. Skipper's Mate	115½
Gloria Galban	
6. Flying Flag	114
Rock Spring Farm	
7. Rain Slicker	88
Morton W. Smith	
8. Final Answer	75
Mrs. Ralph T. King	
9. Petrescu	63½
Martin Vogel, Jr.	

There were numerous consistent working hunters working toward the top but when the season was over, Martin Vogel, Jr.'s Petrescu, winner of the large working hunter class at

the Garden, amateur riders up, led the field with 189 points. Leaders in this division were:

1. Petrescu	189
Martin Vogel, Jr.	
2. Mont	145
Gloria Galban	
3. Kildare	143½
Mary F. Hopper	
4. Clinker	112½
Rock Spring Farm	
5. Kathleen N.	108
Mrs. Ralph T. King	
6. Brandon King	103
J. North Fletcher	
7. Duck	70½
Rock Spring Farm	
8. Roydesal	65
Rock Spring Farm	
9. Icecapade	61½
Mrs. Page Jennings	
10. Herodite	60
Mrs. Raymond Barbin	


Nelson Berry's Pinocchio outpointed the many Virginia ponies to win the trophy with 298 points and led as follows:

1. Pinocchio	298
Nelson Berry	
2. Smokey Joe	241
Mrs. A. M. Keith	
3. Black Sparkle	221½
Martha Lee Kennon	
4. Snow Storm	177½
Terry Drury	
5. Jenny Wren	171
Laura Lawrence	
6. Kalico Kat	149½
Nancy Graham	
7. Thumbs Up	126

Sue Ann Freeman	
8. Blue Blazes	118
Fox Hollow Farm	
9. Owen Glendower	118
Berkley Jennings	
9. Apron Strings	101
Gloria Galban	

Manley W. Carter's 2-year-old Your Beau started off the season with blue ribbons and finished up with the coveted Virginia Horseman's Assn. High Score Award as the chestnut gelding had 57 points. The 5 leading 2-year-olds were:

Continued on Page Nineteen

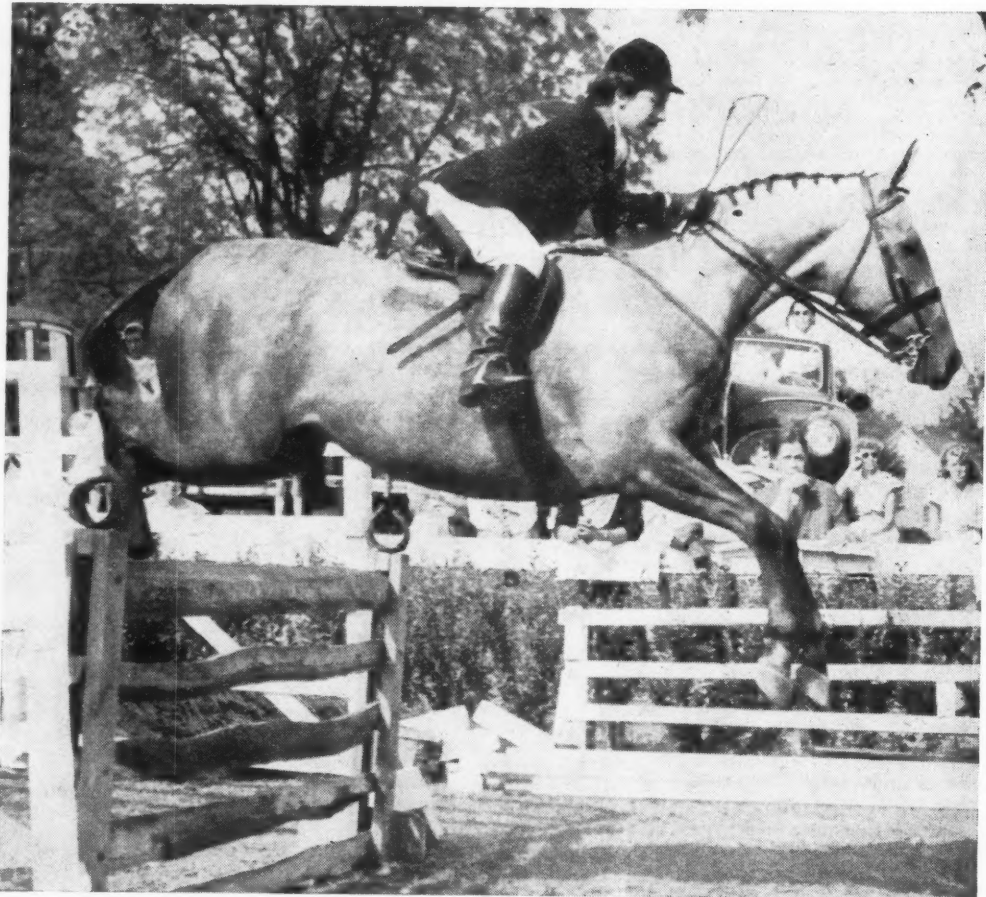


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## SELLING MY SHOW HORSES



#### "POTATO CHIP"

Registered Thoroughbred roan gelding, 16 hands, 4 years old. By Thellusson out of Bothersome. 2 Green Hunter Championships and 1 Reserve in top competition. 4th among the first ten Green Hunters in Virginia for 1948.

#### "GRAY DAWN"

Registered Thoroughbred gray mare, 16 hands, 10 years old. By Jean 2nd out of Bright Lady. Experienced hunter, and a bold, and brilliant, but safe jumper. Never been known to refuse a jump. Won Reserve Conformation Hunter Championship of Trinity Show at Upperville this year, taking first in class for Ladies' Hunters that called for safety, boldness and brilliancy. Has been shown successfully in Conformation and Working Hunter Classes.

#### "APRON STRINGS"

Bay Pony, 12.1 hands, 7 years old. By Don Cross out of Nancy. The owner raised him, broke him and schooled him himself. He is a perfect pony for a child. He has conformation and wonderful manners; a good, safe, consistent jumper; an experienced hunter; excellent in harness. Has won numerous championships, and is among the first ten ponies in the state for 1948.

#### "SKIPPER'S MATE"

Half-bred bay gelding, 16.2 hands, 4 years old. By Which Mate out of Jean Smith. Two blues and 1 red when shown as a yearling at the Genesee Valley Breeding Show. 1947-1st in Half-bred three-year-olds at Warrenton Breeding Show. Reserve Green Hunter Champion at Hot Springs. Among the first ten Green Hunters in state for the year's awards. 1948-Won the Model Class at Upperville Horse and Colt Show. Reserve Green Hunter Champion at Upperville Horse and Colt Show. Reserve Green Hunter Champion at Culpeper. 2nd in Middle and Heavyweight Green Hunters at Madison Square Garden. Tied for 5th among first ten Green Hunters in Virginia for 1948.

#### "LADY ALLISON"

Registered Thoroughbred bay mare, 16 hands, 6 years old. By Sir Walter out of Bogle Way. Has shown successfully in Working Hunter and Conformation Classes. Hunted regularly this season by member of staff and in the field.

All of these horses have been shown by their owner for the past two years on the Virginia, Washington, North Carolina circuit, and have won numerous ribbons.

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## New York Athletic Club Takes Close Game From Squadron A Team

William F. Goodrich

Though the scores in both games were the same Saturday, Dec. 18 at the Squadron A Armory, there was, nevertheless, quite a difference in the matches themselves. The New York Athletic Club trio defeated the Squadron A Regulars by 11 to 10, and the Chicago Ramblers followed suit over the Ramapo Polo Club. That, however, was where the similarity ended.

The New York A. C. victory was not achieved until 0:19 seconds of a sudden death overtime period. It was brought to a finish by Herb Pennell, Winged Foot No. 1, who dribbled from center ring up to the mouth of the Park avenue goal before depositing the telling goal. It was Pennell's fourth of five goals for the evening that sent the teams into the extra session with 0:18 seconds to play in the fourth period.

Zenas Colt and Billy Nicholls teamed with Pennell in the best played game of the 1948-49 season. Here was a game where one team did not hold more than a two-goal advantage over the other throughout the match. The teamwork of the Regulars was as good as it has ever been but—the accuracy of the New York A. C. side when the chips were down was near perfect.

"I don't know how we ever beat Squadron A", Billy Nicholls said after the match.

"I never realized how well Paul Miller, Billy Rand and my brother, Walt, play together," Nicholls added. "They're always on top of you, and if we were to meet again I'm sure, if we did win again, we'd have to do it the same way."

The game was tied six times. At two-all in the first period; five-all in the second; eight-all in the third, and nine, ten and 11-all in the last period.

The New York A. C. made its metropolitan debut for the 1948-49 season.

Billy Zimmerman, No. 2 of the Chicago Ramblers, escaped serious injury in the third period when he was thrown from his pony up against the Park avenue wall. Carried from the ring on a stretcher, he was unable to continue because of abrasions to the left side of his head and left shoulder.

Zimmerman was carrying the load for the Ramblers when the mishap occurred. His place was taken by Steve Hammond, who scored a most important goal several minutes after he climbed aboard Zimmerman's pony.

At no time in this contest did either team look like it would click. Play was sloppy, slow, and sometimes unorganized.

There were times when it looked like Al Parsells was riding alone. He was everywhere. Henry Lewis, III, was not up to his usually steady game. Billy Ylvisaker roamed the ring well, and though he did score six goals, he missed enough shots up close to the enemy goal to have won for Ramapo in a walk.

## Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Two

father on the family farm and hunting his pack of beagles whenever he had any time off. He told Mr. Murtagh when he decided to take over the hounds, "If I don't suit you you tell me, if you don't suit me, I'll tell you!"

The arrangement apparently proved suitable for Sheller has great admiration for the former Master who maintained the hunt for many years until a series of serious falls necessitated his turning over the mastership to Mr. Hoffman. Sheller likes to tell of famous past runs such as the day in 1934 when hounds ran from Deborah's Rocks almost to Wilmington and swam the Brandywine above Copes Bridge. "Four hours and thirty minutes, he says, 'those are the kind of runs I'd like to have today.'"

It was on one such day that Charley Sheller had the biggest thrill of his life. The horse he was on ran and jumped three strands of wire. "I never forgot that one", says Charley, "I sat still and said to that horse

## Hurricanes Win Again Defeating All Stars Before Record Crowd

Tom Pilcher

The National Open Champions—Laddie Sanford's "Hurricanes" again demonstrated that they are a combination which is tops in any man's polo, by inflicting a second defeat on the San Antonio All Stars by 6 goals to 4, at Brackenridge park, San Antonio, Texas on Sunday December 12. Local polo enthusiasts rated it as one of the greatest games ever witnessed on this historic field, and it attracted a near record crowd of 2000 spectators.

The local four put up a determined effort to snatch a victory from the all powerful Easterners. "Dutch" Evinger proved to be the spark plug of the team and scored three times, the Barry brothers played good polo too, very good, but they caught those two great players, Cecil Smith and Peter Perkins, right at the top of their game, in addition to which Laddie Sanford put up a great defensive effort at "back" and kept the back door shut tight.

Smith, Sanford and Perkins were all brilliant in their respective positions, while young Larry Sheerin not to be outshone by his high ranking team mates put the ball through the uprights twice.

The Hurricanes took a one goal lead in the first chukker, which the local team was never able to overcome, with Smith in a scoring mood making no less than 4 goals off his own mallet.

Another feature of these games has been the array of high quality ponies seen on the field, both teams appear to be superbly mounted, and this fact has added much to the speed and effectiveness of the play. The combination of these top notch players and ponies has lifted polo to a number one box office attraction in the Lone Star state.

### Hurricanes (6)

Larry Sheerin (2)  
Peter Perkins (0)  
Cecil Smith (4)  
Laddie Sanford (0)

### All Stars (4)

Bill Barry (1)  
Harold Barry (0)  
Dutch Evinger (3)  
Roy Barry (0)

of George Earnshaw's, "I see it, but do you see it?" That horse sailed clean over the wire. Boy whatta thrill!"

But although it's no longer possible to have as long or as hard runs due to the country being built up, Sheller has great hopes for the current season. He is proud of his 8 1-2 couple of young hounds and the 15 couple of Penn-Marydell, mixed with a smattering of Walker which make up the West Chester pack. He likes Penn-Marydell to predominate.

"Walkers swing too much," he says, "around here we like a pack! With my hounds you can cut out all the hoilerin—they're line hounds! 'And when they get on that line you can be sure that Charley Sheller and his bay mare Becky ('Whatta horse! All she thinks of is getting to the other side of the fence') will be up there—until the hounds come home!"

Reprinted from the Archive Downington, Pa.

## V. H. S. A. Awards

Continued from Page Eighteen

1. Your Beau ..... 57
2. Manley W. Carter ..... 47
3. Sky's Illusion ..... 47
4. Martin Vogel, Jr. .... 18
5. Topsfield ..... 18
6. Mrs. A. C. Randolph ..... 18
7. Sir Possum ..... 18
8. Jean M. Cochran ..... 15
9. Trafalgar ..... 15
10. Mrs. A. C. Randolph ..... 15

When Mrs. Hamilton announced that she was about to make the most coveted presentation of all, the V. H. S. A. Equitation Award, there was not the response which should have been evident when junior riders are in the spotlight. During the season, Misses Gloria Galban and Myrna Felvey had competed in many shows, sometimes against one another when one time the blue would go to one and another time to the other, the resulting points being 41. Although there were several more shows, they remembered that two juniors had tied last year and each had received a trophy, so they agreed to stop their

## Virginia Alien Is Champion of Hunter Trials At Farmington

Virginia Alien, Miss Martha Lee Kennon's bay mare by Virginia King Alien Rosa, was hunter champion at the annual Hunter Trials of the Farmington Hunt Club which were held the afternoon of December 4th on the Barracks Road course near Charlottesville, Va. The reserve ribbon was pinned on One More Pennant from the Beau Val Stables of Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry. Virginia Alien was ridden throughout the trials by Miss Kennon's sister, Mrs. John Sheffield Tennant, and Mrs. Perry was up on One More Pennant.

In the opening event on the afternoon's card, that for green hunters, the Cherry Hill trophy offered by Mr. and Mrs. W. Alonzo Rinehart went to Crown Point, owned by Mrs. Raymond Barbin, of Keswick.

In the class for other than Thoroughbred hunters, Grover Vandevender's bay gelding Major Pete, by Major Speed-Sister, received the trophy offered by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Van Clief, of Old Woodville.

Virginia Alien annexed the trophy presented by Dr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Watts in the event for Thoroughbred hunters, and in second place was Chance, from the stables of Thomas B. Gay, of Richmond.

The Rustling Oaks trophy, presented by William G. Jones, in the class for Corinthian hunters, went to One More Pennant.

The hound race was won by an entry from the Farmington Hunt Club, with second and third places going to couples from the Montpelier Hunt Club, of Orange.

In the championship class all first and second place winners were ridden as a Field and from this group the champion and reserve were selected.

**SUMMARIES**  
Green hunters—1. Crown Point, Mrs. Raymond Barbin; 2. Brass Tacks, Betty Beryl Schenck; 3. Forest Hare, Robert S. Reynolds; 4. Alley Broom, Maxine Ix.

Other than Thoroughbred hunters—1. Major Pete, Grover Vandevender; 2. Hunter's Moon, Mrs. Raymond Barbin; 3. One More Pennant, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry; 4. Brass Tacks, Betty Beryl Schenck.

Registered Thoroughbred hunters—1. Virginia Alien, Martha Lee Kennon; 2. Chance, Thomas B. Gay; 3. Gray Dawn, Gloria Galban; 4. Alley Broom, Maxine Ix.

Corinthian hunters—1. One More Pennant, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry; 2. Virginia Alien, Martha Lee Kennon; 3. Hunter's Moon, Mrs. Raymond Barbin; 4. Dominica, Myrna Felvey.

Hound race—1. Farmington Hunt Club; 2. Montpelier Hunt Club; 3. Montpelier Hunt Club; 4. Farmington Hunt Club.

Champion hunter—Virginia Alien, Martha Lee Kennon. Reserve—One More Pennant, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry.

equitation events for the season. Unfortunately, both attended at least two more shows in which they rode but not in the V. H. S. A. equitation class. There were many pros and cons about the situation; special board meetings, more board meetings, letters and unhappiness that two such splendid riders should be in the position which they now found themselves.

It was decided that they should ride off the tie at the Keswick Horse Show Grounds before one judge but they declined to do so as the rules did not state they would have to do so in the event of a tie, but the board of directors does have the right to make such decisions. When asked again they still refused and their total of 41 points were disqualified. This brought up Miss Maxine Ix who had 12 points and she was awarded the trophy. Dissatisfaction still reigned and the young lady returned the trophy to the association. Entries in the equitation classes are voluntary and it is strictly up to the juniors to decide in which shows they can and will participate, but it is also up to them to always bear in mind that good sportsmanship will bring them much farther along than all the ribbons or trophies in the world.

The following 10 juniors were the next high scorers following the disqualification:

1. Maxine Ix ..... 12
2. Nancy Lee Huffman ..... 10
3. Terry Drury ..... 8
4. Polly Baldwin ..... 5
5. Molly McIntosh ..... 5
6. Jackie Traux ..... 5
7. Cynthia Coates ..... 5
8. Joan McIntosh ..... 5
9. Sue Ann Freeman ..... 4
10. Sheila Scheamerhorn ..... 3

The meeting was officially concluded and with the show dates assigned, members are looking forward to a great 1949 season.

## Hunting Field Humour

Stanislaus Lynch

It is much easier to tell a good yarn than to write it. Folk have become so accustomed to the slick wise-cracking on the films and the radio that the man who enjoys a piece of straight humour is almost afraid to attempt to pass it on to others, lest he be deemed at least a half-century behind the times. However, some of the old yarns are well able to stand on their own feet and can still bring forth a chuckle of merriment.

Hounds checked at a boreen. The Master saw an old hedge-trimmer at work and called aloud to him:—"Hey! my good man! Did you see a Fox cross the road?"

The old hedge-trimmer altered the set of his battered hat, screwed up his weather beaten features, thought hard for a moment and then said:—"Bedambut, now that I think of it, I DID see a Fox cross the road. 'Twas last Tuesday week!"

"Glory be to to God!" said the flabbergasted Master, "We must be further behind than I thought!"

To jump a fence before a Master of Hounds is bad manners, but to bump into him at any time is likely to earn a highly flavoured scolding. A visitor, mounted on a hired horse that was an incurable puller, came streaking along to where hounds had checked. The unfortunate man had a very bad stammer in his speech. Not only did he scatter the hounds, but he cannoned broadside into the Master.

"Damme! sir! Have you no control of that brute?" stormed the irate Master, his face livid.

"I - I - I started to say W-w-woa at the other s-s-side of the f-f-field!"

When hunting with the Scarteen Black & Tan Foxhounds, I heard of a somewhat similar accident which occurred to a good-looking young visitor who paid more attention to her cosmetics than to her horsemanship. She was hunting in the Golden Vale: a huge tract of extremely fertile land which stretches almost halfway across the Counties of Limerick and Tipperary. Never bothering to notice that hounds had checked, she galloped on gaily, and, in the middle of a big field, barged straight into

At the sight of her good-looking face the Huntsman swallowed his bad language and said 'aw! It's quite all right, Miss. The next time you're out we'll get the Golden Vale widened a bit!"

I had a little scratch-pack of my own when I lived in Ballyjamesduff, and many lads in Crosserlough were very keen huntsmen and reared a puppy or two. Matty MacCannon reared a black-and-tan bitch named "Sable", one of the best hounds I ever saw. When "Sable" was a puppy, she wandered off down the road and when passing a nearby cottage smelt the whiff of a frying herring. She nosed over to the door, put her paws on the table that was just inside, and while the lone owner was attending to his fire, she snatched the herring off the plate. The poor old soul, he' dead since, God rest him, grabbed a pitchfork and ran after her.

Up the road he raced like a two-year-old and followed his dinner into Matty McCannons "Street". "Sable" scattered the fish to right and left as she raced through the yard and vanished behind a turf-rick.

"I'll have her sacred life!" he yelled as he stormed into the yard. "I'll do six months for her! I'll scatter her daylight around the . . ."

"What's wrong?" asked Matty McCannon, when he heard the rum-pus.

"That damned bay's bitch! The curse o' Cromwell on her! I'll make jiblets of her if I get a howl of her! I'll bate the brains out of her."

"What did she do?"

"Do be damned! She ett me darlin' dinner!"

"Your dinner?"

"Aye! my dinner!"

"What was it?"

"A grand-fresh herrin'!"

"Glory be to God!" said Matty McCannon, "She's only four months! it'll kill her!"



# In the Country



## FROSTY MORNIN'

Frosty mornin', hounds are singin',  
And their music sets the kennel  
ringin',  
Lemon dog and the speckled bitch;  
Melody, Harmony, Hebe, and Witch.

Frosty mornin'—the grooms are  
hurried,  
Manes all braided, and hides all  
curried,  
The Master's mare, and the Smith  
girl's black,  
Tied in the aisle, waitin' for tack.

Frosty mornin'—the grooms are  
ready,  
Standin' in the paddock, holdin'  
horses steady.  
Hounds are loose, sniffin' at the  
ground,  
Jumpin' on the huntsman, waitin'  
around.

Frosty mornin', sun risin' fast,  
The Field stands restless, hounds  
are cast.  
Line well found, and the Hunt's  
away,  
Horseman's dream for a crisp, fall  
day.

Julien T. Williams

## WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

Hounds were racing along at a terrific pace one day and they flung showers of spray as they tackled a big double bank. When the riders reached it they saw a wide watery ditch on the take-off side. The big bank was smothered in brambles and no one could guess what sort was the second ditch. The Master and Field sought in vain for a jumpable spot, when suddenly a hard-bitten rider rammed down his hat and sent his horse at the horrible fence. He got over the first watery ditch, scrambled up the bank, fought a passage through the dense brambles and with mighty effort survived the horrors of the unknown.

"What's behind it," called the Master, anxiously.

"I am, thanks be to God!" said the fortunate one, as he rode ahead.  
—S. L.

## KELLOGG RANCH

Secretary of Agriculture, Charles F. Brannan has ordered the cancellation of the December sale of the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch's famous horses. It was announced that the scheduled closing of the \$3,500,000 ranch, near Pomona, California founded by W. R. Kellogg retired cereal manufacturer, will be held in abeyance. Recommendations have been made, whereby the Kellogg Foundation and the Department of Agriculture would enter into a co-operative agreement to keep the ranch intact, pending a decision by the 81st Congress on steps to be taken for its preservation. At the same time reports said that plans have been submitted to the Department of Agriculture making tentative proposals for the property to be operated by the California Polytechnic College.—T. P.

## ANOTHER WHITE GATE

Canada's Royal Winter Fair has added a white gate to its hunter course and this addition provided a noticeable difference in the way some of the seasoned hunters performed. A small, narrow gate, it is placed upright but has American wire on both sides, the top of the wire being supported by iron pipes. An entry's handiness was quickly shown when his rider reached the gate. Even horses which have been over Course K at the National Horse Show will find the Royal Winter Fair's gate a little out of the usual.

## LOST ARGUMENT

Miss Martha Fletcher, The Chronicle's Tarheel correspondent from Southern Pines, N. C., found a tree in Moore County Hounds' country which can still stand after a crashing impact of horse and rider. Miss Fletcher was in the hunting field on December 4 and rode smack-bang into the tree, leaving the scene with a broken leg, 3 bones broken and a chipped shoulder.

## DOWN THE DRAIN

The Camargo hounds got their fox on December 4 but only after a great deal of dirt had been shoveled. They ran their fox to ground in a drain pipe on Locust Ridge Farm. One of the hounds enthusiastically followed the fox into the drain and both fox and hound were hopelessly trapped.

Shovels were brought to the scene and while Joint-Masters O. DeGray Vanderbilt, Jr. and Leonard S. Smith, Jr. supervised the excavating, the Field stood tensely by and the pack waited impatiently, whimpering and growling with excitement.

Six large sections of pipe had to be dug up and removed before the pack could pounce down and drag out Mr. Fox.

## JOCK TO STEWARD

Rigan McKinney, ex-gentleman jock and one of our leading Steeplechase trainers, has been elected a Steward of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

## GOLDEN CHANCE

Following her sweep of the spectators' polls in the United States, Paul Fout's buckskin mare, Golden Chance, pursued her opening jumping career at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, Canada. The jumps were a bit wider than the 3-year-old had been used to so when she came to the liverpool, she jumped over the take off, landed in the "water" and without a falter, took off again to complete the jump. Just a little 2 in 1 jump for this personable mare.

## COLEMAN KELLY

A week's propinquity with Coleman Kelly at the show ring would likely make a saddle horse expert out of a cigar store Indian. Mr. Kelly, if you don't know, is a salt water Irishman who came over from the Irish horse country while still a lad in knee pants. We sometimes suspect that he was born in a box stall and sailed over in a feed tub. He can dish out Herod, Matchem and Eclipse faster than a colored Baptist preacher can point out the road to salvation. In almost the same breath he will tell you how the Irish made Captain Byerly and his Turk jump into the Boyne and swim for their lives and how the No. 4 family remained so strong. If there was ever a book on Thoroughbreds that Mr. Kelly hasn't read or doesn't own, nobody ever heard of it.

Somehow or other, after he kicked the old sod out of his boots he got into the saddle horse game. He knows it from the standpoint of groom, trainer and rider. Denmark, Peavine, Kalarama and names like those roll off his tongue as readily as St. Simon and Ben Brush.—F. B.

## SHETLAND BREEDERS ELECT

It would make the story perfect if Mr. Kilkelly, by virtue of his deal for Mrs. M. Clark's Shetlands, had also been elected president of the American Shetland Pony Club. But he wasn't. Mrs. William H. B. Howard of Harford county, who attended that meeting the same week, also in Chicago, reports that the veteran official Dr. Wayne A. Munn, of Wisconsin, was re-elected to serve another year.

Mrs. Howard further reports that an effort was made by Shetland breeders, in committee, to picture an ideal type of Shetland conformation, for show ring purposes and as a guide to judges. But this effort didn't pan out 100 percent satisfactorily. Shetland fanciers in the west continue to breed toward harness or saddlehorse requirements, while easterners aim for a hunting-pony type.

And the two views, of course, are hard to reconcile in one "ideal" animal. In addition, no two judges often see exactly eye to eye, or, as one gentleman put it: "I have selected what I believe to be the ideal wife, but you, sir, doubtless would select a different ideal wife, and so it is with pony conformation." We suppose that, from a judge's point of view, it is as we have always secretly suspected. Any judge can select a beautiful pony, but as between two beauties (since none is perfect and all have some fault) it all boils down to purely personal preference in the end. Could this be said to go for horses, too?—M. H. C.

## TOO FAT NOT TOO HIGH

One of the judges at a California horse show was asked why a certain horse was put down so far in a class when all he had was one light hind down. The rider pointed out that it was not a fault of bad jumping but of flimsy fences. The judge pointed out very solemnly that the horse seemed to jump too close to his fences all the time, (in height, not take off), and "isn't he too fat? That's probably the reason."

## THOSE FRENCH NAMES!

Mrs. William H. B. Howard is currently taking a lot of ribbing on the subject of race tracks, and the reason is this: during the Chicago pony meetings, she found herself one day on the stage at a radio show, a noon-hour program entitled Welcome Traveler. All a-flutter over the notion of probably winning a new automobile, washer, fur coat, cruise to Hawaii, or one of those other little trinkets they usually give away on radio shows, she fluttered a good deal more when the M. C. popped her question, "What race track can you think of," he inquired genially, "that has a French name?" She couldn't open her mouth, because she couldn't think of a single track except Pimlico, and there isn't much that's French about that. Mentally kissing the new auto, etc., good-bye, she gave up. Then a contestant in the audience arose and gave as the answer a choice of two tracks with French names, both within a few miles of Mrs. Howard's home.

"Bel Air," he remarked first, and, as an afterthought,

"Havre de Grace."—M. H. C.

## WRONG BRAND

When the International Stock Show champion steer was auctioned the Camel Cigarette Co. requested all television recordings to be rebroadcast as their commercial. Later they mysteriously cancelled the order. No one knew why until the name of the champion steer was announced. It was Old Gold!—M. de M.

## BREEDING MEMO

Attention is called to the changes in the rules of Racing. Rule 65 has been changed to read: "Upon failure to register a horse before November 1st of the year of his birth, he may be registered prior to January 1st of his three year old year by special permission of the Stewards of The Jockey Club, but not thereafter. Provided the application to register be made prior to January 1st next following his birth, the payment of a fee of \$20.00 will be required, and after that date until January 1st of his two year old year the required fee will be \$50.00, and after that date and prior to January 1st of his three year old year \$100.00."

Rule 66 has been changed to read: "A name for each horse may be claimed without charge through the Registry Office before January 1st of his two year old year. On or after this date a horse may be named upon payment of a fee of \$50.00 and then only if the name is claimed and allowed at least two days before the date of his first start."

## SWAMP FEVER WIND-UP

The Grayson Foundation headed by Walter Jeffords, received an additional \$37,621.40 on December 14th to aid racing's permanent research work in the combatting of horse's diseases. This sum was given the foundation by Lou Smith of Rockingham Park as the remainder of a sum of \$99,468 that had been raised by a committee known as the Emergency Swamp Fever Committee from tracks and individuals at the outbreak of the swamp fever epidemic last year. Among those at a luncheon in the Brook Club last Wednesday when the money was given the Foundation were Dr. Raymond Kelser, dean of the Pennsylv-

vania University's Veterinary School, Spencer Drayton the TBRA's executive secretary, Cyrus Julien, Aqueduct's president, James Butler, President of Empire, Edward Kilroe secretary Treasurer of the Foundation, Mr. South, Mr. Plaut and Mr. Perlman of Triangle Publications. Mr. Jeffords as President of the Foundation received the gift and thanked the committee for their efficient handling of the crisis.

## VIRGINIA NEWS

\*Hunters Moon IV was part of the fabulous number of Thoroughbreds which made up L. B. Mayer's breeding establishment. From there he went to Kentucky where he stood for two seasons. Recently purchased by C. T. Chenery, president of the Virginia Horsemen's Assn., \*Hunters Moon will now be transferred to Mr. Chenery's The Meadow at Doswell, Va. . . . Top money winners always make news but practically eclipsing here monetary accomplishments was the sale of Gallorette to Mrs. Marie Moore whose High Hope Farm is near Middleburg, Va. Gallorette continued to race after W. L. Brann sold her but on Friday, December 17 she arrived in Virginia. She will be bred to Mrs. Moore's Lovely Night next spring.

## THE WALDEN'S CIRCUS CLOWN

Kentuckians were able to get a look at the W. J. Walden's home-bred stake winner Circus Clown. The 3-year-old colt is by Tiger-Basquine, by Bud Lerner. Mr. Walden is one of the ten people who formed a syndicate recently and bought Tiger, who will stand the 1949 season at Elmhurst Farm, Lexington, Kentucky.

Circus Clown's dam Basquine was acquired by Mr. Walden in the early years of the last war from Greentree, for \$150. Circus Clown is her fifth foal, (and her last to date, as she has been barren two years, and a foal died in 1946), and he is the fifth generation of stakes winners through her.

Mr. and Mrs. Walden were on hand to see their colt win the Pageant 'Cap at Atlantic City, Labor Day, having come up with three of their four children from their Shadowdown Farm, Midway, Kentucky. This 525 acre establishment is in the loveliest and most noted of all the breeding farm sections in the state. Among the yearlings that are being broken there now are three which Mr. Walden thinks are particularly promising.

The Walden gold and white silks, (which are the colors of his school, Centre College of Danville, Kentucky), have been in the winners' circle often—particularly so earlier this season when his horses had six straight victories—two each for Circus Clown, Languid Lady, and Fighting Fan. (Mr. Walden always names his horses in alliteration and each has eleven letters).  
N. G. H.

## Chronicle Quiz Answers

1. All three were the patrons of farriers or horseshoers. Vulcan was the Roman god. St. Clement (a Roman bishop who died about 100 A. D.) was the patron saint of farriers in England. St. Eloy occupied a similar position in France. The latter is said to have once shod a horse possessed of a demon who refused to stand still. St. Eloy cut off the leg, nailed on the shoe, made the sign of the cross and replaced the leg. The horse suffered no ill effects from the operation.
2. A reprimand to a hound hunting a deer (or steer, sheep, or pig).
3. That a horse has been shod with shoes having sharp calks to keep him from slipping on frozen ground.
4. At Pinerolo in Italy was situated the Italian cavalry School.
5. A machine which records all bets and calculates the odds on each horse.
6. Blunt spurs may be used but they may neither be sharp, pointed, nor equipped with rowels.

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